Cell Block Tango

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Summary

Hannibal Lecter has successfully framed Will Graham for his crimes as the Chesapeake Ripper and Will is going to enjoy his stay at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, whether Hannibal likes it or not. With Will's trial coming up, the pair navigate their complicated relationship and the unexpected curveball life throws them.

—

Season 2 alternate timeline where Francis Dolarhyde has been captured and is admitted to BSHCI in advance of Will’s stay.

Notes

It started with a tweet and turned into an 86-hour thirst tweet marathon and a full on going fic!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Setting:
Dolarhyde is captured (before the TattleCrime article), declared insane (he ate a fucking painting), and goes to BSHCI. Chilton is fascinated by Francis who cooperates during his sessions. Chilton's interest in Francis quickly exceeds professional curiosity AND THEN THEY FUCK.

Chilton watches the recording of himself get fucked and gets off on it in his office. While watching the footage, Chilton runs his fingers over the bruises left by his little caged dragon. The tape shows Chilton with his body pressed against a cage, Francis holding him in place. With a hand around his neck and another on his hip, Francis mercilessly fucks into Chilton.

The more Dolarhyde cooperates, the more 'special privileges' he is granted by Chilton. Will is sentenced to BSHCI for the Ripper's crimes where Matthew idolizes him and Francis is curious of Will, wondering if he is truly the Ripper who created such amazing things. Chilton is over the moon that he has two shiny toys in his institute.

And Chilton puts all three of them in one cell one night 'for bonding sessions'. The two alphas ready to tear each other apart, Will's heat overtakes him and he is just begging for an Alpha to mount him and fill every hole. Chilton watches the live feed of his "experiment" from his office.

Hannibal was counting on a conjugal visit exception, and is furious to smell not one, but TWO alphas on Will the next time he visits. Chilton smugly informs Hannibal not to worry about his precious omega. "He's well taken care of here."

Hannibal fucks Will, with the knowledge that Francis is in the cell next to him and Matthew is on duty. Francis practically rips his cell door off at the sound of Will moaning beneath Hannibal. Will just grins because he's sure Hannibal is regretting framing him now. He gets pressed into the side closest to his neighbour as Hannibal snarls into his ear. "Fucking slut. Are you trying out all the alphas in here before choosing a mate? You. Are. *Mine*."

Will can hear Francis' growls through the wall. He tightens at the thought of all three alphas fighting over him, but he needs to add more fuel to the fire. "Maybe you should have kept a better eye on me, Dr. Lecter. Frederick keeps an *excellent eye* on me~" he purrs.

Hannibal sees red in the familiar way Will says Chilton's name. Will knows he can't kill him in here and continues gloating. "I am well fed here, and Frederick promises I'll be *filled* every single day that I am here."

Will cries out as Hannibal yanks his head back, thrusting deeper. Francis pounds on the wall, trying to get to the omega. Hannibal growls in Will's ear, "Enjoy them while you can Will. You will be mine and mine *alone*."

Hannibal makes sure to knot Will for as long as possible and listens to Francis howling next door, and wonders if the bars may just break any time soon. He leaves bruises and bite marks all over Will to make sure they know exactly whose he belongs to.

It takes everything Matthew has to not attack Hannibal as he is tasked with escorting him out of the cell block. Hannibal smugly passes Francis' cell, making sure the other Alphas can smell Will all over him.

Matthew walks Hannibal to the entrance and smirks. "See you soon, Dr Lecter. Will will want for nothing here...in the meantime." Hannibal nearly breaks his neck. Meanwhile, Will is lying limbless in his cell with Francis murmuring to him from the other side.

Matthew returns to the cell block and unlocks Francis' cell, both alphas rushing to Will's side. Hannibal's scent is still thick on Will's body, causing both Alphas to growl. Francis takes Will into his arms with Matthew hugging him from behind. Will smirks and whispers, "Good Alphas~"

They carry Will into the bathroom and wash away Hannibal's scent. Francis slips two fingers inside to wash clean out the come and Will moans into his neck weakly. "Just a little more, puppy. Then we'll make you feel *so* good."

Will whines as he starts to move his hips, pushing Francis's fingers deeper. Matthew holds his hips, "Stay." Will glares at Matthew but obeys, moaning as he lets Francis continue. Matthew teases a finger around Will's rim while Francis works, "There you go, such a good boy."

Francis and Matthew trap Will between their bodies, bathing and touching him everywhere with teeth all over. Once he is sufficiently cleaned out, Francis replaces his fingers with his cock and thrusts into Will, his legs still wrapped around the stronger man. Matthew reaches from behind and begins to stroke him. Will lets out a high whine and arches his back against Matthew's chest. "Please...no more..."

"You don't mean that," Matthew's low voice sending a hover down Will's spine. "Just look at how you're riding his cock. I'd say you're begging for more." Will moans as Matthew prods his finger against Will's hole. Matthew smirks, "Say Francis, what's better than one Alpha cock?"

"Two." Francis growls. Will cries out as Matthew slips a finger past his rim, thrusting the digit alongside Francis' cock while still stroking Will from behind.

Will can feel himself getting hard again, and more slick leaks out of him when Matthew begins to pump three fingers in to match the same rhythm as Francis. "You're going to take both our cocks in like a good little slut. You're in here, and you belong to us."

Francis slows his pace as Matthew withdrawals his fingers and positions himself. "Beg." Matthew commands. Francis moans as Will sinks down against the tip of Matthews cock with a whine, "Please fuck me~ Make me forget about Hannibal~"

Will smirks as both Alphas growl at the name.

Matthew grabs Will's hips and pushes him down on both their lengths and he screams. "He has no claim on you." Francis and Matthew sniff the unmarked neck and bite down on Will's shoulder at the same time, both pumping into the younger man at a punishing pace. Chilton has forbade anyone to mate with Will as it may be considered illegal and done under duress. Will muffles a sob and hangs on to both men as they lick the blood off his shoulders.

Matthew and Francis continue their pace as Will's moans echo throughout the showers. Matthew reaches around Will, stroking him from behind and his vision going white as Francis finds the perfect angle for his thrusts. Will tightens around the alphas, drawing closer to the edge.

Francis knows he has hit the jackpot when Will lets out a high omegan whine and his nails begin to scrape the skin off his chest. Both he and Matthew thrust harder, hitting his prostate again and again.

"Pleas-AH! Please d-don't knot m-me! Unh!" Will struggles to remove himself before the two men come, but they hold him fast. "You will take our knots like a good little whore." Matthew growls into Will's ear.

Will comes first, spilling over Francis' abs and the two Alphas follow closely, knotting him at the same time. Will passes out.

Will awakes in his cell, fully dressed and clean. He lazily sits up, his body sore. "Good evening, Mr. Graham." Will turns to see Chilton, "It seems Matthew and Francis were able to take good care of you." Will stands and slowly makes his way over to Chilton, "Easy for you to say, Frederick." Will reaches through the bars and tugs gently on Chilton's tie, pulling him closer. "When all you do is *watch.*"

"Yes, I'm running this institute, as you can see, and it's my duty to oversee ever-" Chilton forgets what he's trying to say when Will noses his jaw and licks his face. "Did you enjoy our little show? Did you come from watching me get fucked, Frederick?"

A moan escapes from Chilton's lips. "Mr. Graham-" he gasps, Will now palming his growing erection through his suit. "Yes Frederick?" Chilton grips the bars, growling lowly as Will's pace increases. "On your knees." Will smirks quickly dropping down, "I'd thought you'd never ask."

"Please, call me Will. We're past the point of formalities, are we not?" Chilton closes his eyes and moans as Will unzips his trousers with his teeth and pulls down his boxers with a smooth yank. Will licks the head and sucks on lightly, tongue teasing the slit. "Hard already?"

Chilton laces his fingers through Will's hair, Will keening as he grips tightly. Chilton smirks, "Seems you need to be reminded of who is in charge. Will." Chilton shoves his cock past

Will’s teasing lips as Will relaxes his throat, taking Chilton to the hilt.

Will grips the bars as Chilton pushes into his throat. He’s not quite Hannibal, but it’s enough to make him gag a little. Chilton smiles and pet Will’s hair as he starts to bob his head up and down, drool sliding down his chin. “Now that’s a good boy.”

Will moans, the vibrations traveling down Chilton’s cock. Will watches Chilton through half lidded eyes and lashes, the man gradually coming undone by Will. Will doubles his pace, bobbing his head and working his tongue along the underside of Chilton’s shaft.

Will scrapes his teeth lightly along the hard length and Chilton gasps. He ghosts his fingers along his balls and massages them softly and hears the psychiatrist stutter. “I-I’m close!”

A buzzing sound echoes through the PA system. Will wonders if it’s his visitor.

Will smirks at the sound of footsteps approaching from the cell block entrance. Will takes Chilton back into his mouth, the man starting to tremble. As Chilton comes, Will releases his cock from his mouth. Chilton moans, watching the ropes of come decorate Will's face. "Fuck."

Come is dripping off Will’s lashes and he wipes his face with a sleeve. Chilton’s face has turned a few shades paler and he hastily tucks himself back in. Will glances past the dishevelled man’s shoulder as he stands up and licks his lips. “Hello, Hannibal.”

Chilton gasps as Hannibal grabs the smaller Alpha by the throat, pinning him against the wall. Hannibal glares daggers into Frederick and growls through his teeth, "Will Graham is *mine* . It's rude to touch something that doesn't belong to you, Dr.Chilton. Very. Rude."

“I-I-I can explain! It was Wil-urkghk” Any excuse Chilton may have died as Hannibal tightens his grip on his throat. “I allow you your prison games, but it would appear that even I could not have predicted your participation.” Hannibal gives Will a side-eye glance.

Will smirks, locking eyes with Hannibal through the bars. "You're lucky I have business with Will and a schedule to keep. Open the cell."Hannibal commands and releases Chilton from his grasp, his gaze never leaving Will.

Will bites his lip, Hannibal's eyes were filled with heat, anger, and most importantly, the desire to claim Will. Chilton unlocks the cell, Hannibal quickly brushing past him. Chilton turns to flee when Hannibal growls, "Stay."

“I...I can get you a room if you r-require. No wires at all.” Chiton motions to leave again and Hannibal places a crushing hand on his shoulder. “A private location would’ve been nice on my first visit, but thank you for the offer regardless. I’m sure Will doesn’t mind the audience. I *insist* .”

Chilton stills, and remains standing outside the cell, leaving it unlocked. Hannibal turns back to his future mate’s mirthful look.

“Missed me, alpha?”

Hannibal stalks towards Will and harshly pulls the omgea tight against his chest. "Clearly it's you that missed me." A growl rumbles from deep within Hannibal's chest, "Filling any hole you can with these *lesser* alphas." Will smirks, "You put me in here, regretting it yet?"

Hannibal's eyes darken at Will's question. He spins his lover around and slams him against the bars, shocking Will. Chilton jumps as Will's head hits the metal bars that he's been holding. Hannibal tears away the prison garment and sucks a bruise on Will's neck.

"Ah!" Will moans as Hannibal scrapes his teeth down Will's neck to the teeth marks on his shoulders. "Who did this?" his tone seething. "Take a guess." Will purrs. Hannibal bites down hard over one of the marks, Will's cries echoing down the hall. Will's gaze is fixed on Chilton as he grinds his body back against Hannibal, his teeth sinking into Will's shoulder.

Hannibal licks his way across the other shoulder and takes a whiff. Two bites, two scents. Chilton may have taken liberties with Will, but he would not have dared to leave any marks on his omega. Hannibal makes a note to deal with those two trespassers next time and bites over the other mark, making sure to break skin. Will hisses at the sensation as the alpha laps up the blood pooling from the bites. He can sense the anger rolling off him in waves and bares his neck quietly, allowing more access.

Will trails a hand to down his body and gets both wrists caught in a death grip. “Don’t even think about it, my dear. You’re going to take what I give you.” He shivers at Hannibal’s cold tone and hears the rustling of clothes behind him. “Hannibal! A-AH!!” Will stiffens in shock when Hannibal enters him in a forceful thrust. “I see you’ve been in a constant state of slick every time I visit, Will. Have you been so unsatisfied here?” Will can only sigh in pleasure as Hannibal fucks into him relentlessly, mind in a complete daze. Chilton’s eyes widen at the sight of Will’s belly bulge.

Hannibal continues to mercilessly pound into Will. Will, in a state of pure bliss, cries out as his stomach bulges with each thrust from Hannibal’s powerful hips. Rumbles can be heard from Francis’ cell, the alpha’s growls only fuel Hannibal and his desire to claim Will fully.

Will’s mind goes blank as Hannibal adjusts his angle, hitting Will’s prostate with surgical precision. Hannibal buries his face into the back of Will’s neck, scenting his unmarked mate. Will moans and instinctively bares his neck “Alpha! Please!” Chilton gulps, his throat suddenly dry as Hannibal glares at him from over Will’s shoulder, his eyes issuing a single command: *Watch* .

Chilton is frozen on the spot by Hannibal’s stare; knuckles turning white from holding the bars so tight. He has never seen his fellow psychiatrist like this. Feral, fierce and full on Alpha. What Hannibal has with Will is pure animal instinct, both of them fight and fuck like it’s their last day on earth. “Do you understand now, Frederick? Will has, and will always be mine.”Chilton’s eyes darts back to those red irises and nods fearfully. Hannibal hums in approval when Will purrs at his show of strength. “So possess-ah!-ive, Hannibal.”

Hannibal smirks, “Cunning boy.” Will whines as Hannibal pulls out and forces Will down onto all fours. Hannibal grabs Will by the neck, holding him in place with his face against the floor. “Are you proud of what you can do to me?” Will hisses at the sting of the cold concrete on his cheek as he arches his back, presenting for the alpha. “I-ah!” A moan takes over as

Hannibal buries himself back Will, their new position lending more power to Hannibal's thrusts.

Will pushes his hips back, meeting Hannibal push for push. The sounds of slapping skin echoes obscenely throughout the cell. He reaches back and claws at Hannibal's thigh and the older man snaps his hips into Will, driving into him at an angry pace.

"Who do you belong to?" Hannibal strokes the beautiful ass before he spanks it, the force of it making Will whimper. "You-AH! I-I am yours!" The hand on Will's neck tightens and Will feels black creeping along the edges of his vision.

"Best you remember it, boy." Will muffles his cries and Hannibal relishes the sight of his tears pooling onto the cement floor.

Just before he blacks out, Hannibal flips Will over onto his back. "Ah!" Will gasps and wraps his arms around Hannibal's neck. Will's nails dig into Hannibal's back as he tries to catch his breath, "H-Hannibal!" The alpha smirks, "Fuck, I love my name on your lips."

Hannibal crashes their lips together, Will's tongue darting across Hannibal's bottom lip, begging for entry. Hannibal obliges, their tongues tangling instantly. Each male starving for a taste of the other, savoring their flavor.

"We could've been doing this every night, Hannibal...I've missed you."

Will's whispers his confession into Hannibal's lips, stormy eyes boring into his maroon ones. Will's breath hitches when the older man hooks his arms behind his knees and folds him in half. Hannibal kisses his Will's nose tenderly, pressing his knees to his chest. "Ready or not, here I come." Will arches back and keens as Hannibal pushes his knot in. He holds on to the alpha and scratches his chest and feels impossibly full.

"I'll have you out of here soon enough, darling. Once you've learned your lesson." Will pulls Hannibal into another kiss, Hannibal moaning as Will tightens around him. Will rocks his hips, "Hannibal." Hannibal smirks against his lips "Yes, mylimasis?"

"Shut the fuck up and hurry! I need it!" Will whines. Hannibal chuckles and grips Will's hips tight enough to bruise, "That's my boy." Hannibal rolls his hips, hitting Will's prostate dead on. Will comes with a shout, Hannibal following close behind filling the omega with his seed. Will's body trembles around Hannibal, milking his alpha dry.

Hannibal unfolds Will and cuddles him while they wait for the knot to subside. His omega looks breaktaking like this, all dazed and thoroughly fucked out. The rutting sounds next door has toned down to a low growling and Hannibal feels a flare of possessiveness. "Behave yourself in the meantime, *boy* ." Will chuckles and sucks a deep bruise on Hannibal's neck. "I always do, it's the others who can't." He looks over Hannibal's shoulder and grins. "Show's over, Chilton." They share a look as Chilton wobbles away on unsteady feet. "He probably needs a psychiatrist after this."

Hannibal swats his ass lightly. "Be good, Will. I'll see you very soon."

“I can’t wait.” Will smiles and kisses Hannibal as he pulls out, his knot deflating. Hannibal helps Will back into his prison uniform Will walks with him to the cell door. “Don’t keep me waiting too long, *Dr. Lecter* . There is no shortage of alphas in BSHCI.” Hannibal turns to protest but Will swiftly shuts the cell door with a smirk, locking himself in and Hannibal out.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal visits BSHCI once more and Will strikes a deal.

Chapter Notes

Part 2 begins now! (We got three chapters out of our latest threading!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal paces his office. After their *very* intense session at the BSHCI, he is eager to get Will out of his cell. Back into his arms and away from the other Alphas. How dare they paw at what is rightfully his.

Will rests in his cell after Hannibal leaves. As he lays there reminiscing, he hears the low growls of Francis from the next cell. Will chuckles, taking pride and comfort in the fact the whole block is filled with his and Hannibal's scent.

He hasn't seen Chilton since the psychiatrist was made to watch Hannibal fuck him, and Will has been 'upgraded' to another ward. A padded cell. Even the orderly, Matthew, has been replaced with a beta male. He wonders if this has anything to do with Hannibal.

'Speak of the devil.' Will smells the alpha before he hears the familiar sound of dress shoes making their way down the hall towards his cell. Will rises from the bed and moves towards the cell door where he is met with that trademark smirk. "Hello, Dr. Lecter." Will steps closer, gripping the cell bars, "Don't play coy, Doctor."

Hannibal smirks, moving closer to the omega, "Why the formalities, William?" Hannibal takes a breath, letting Will's sweet scent fill his senses.

"Is this not a *professional* visit?" Will teases.

“I’m only visiting my future mate, that’s all.” Hannibal takes a covert whiff when the beta orderly opens the door. Will smells spicier, like an aged whisky with lingering notes of caramel. Will’s eyes widen at the sight of the alpha. “You..seem different today.”

Hannibal reaches for Will, gently lifting his chin and bringing him closer. Will quietly keens and relaxes into Hannibal's touch as Hannibal examines the omega before him. Will tilts his head, confused by the man's silence. A quiet Hannibal as either bad, or *very* bad. "Hannibal?"

“I kept your appointments open and I find myself thinking about you.” Hannibal lowers his head and kisses Will languidly. Will’s eyes flutter close and he feels hot tears well up behind them. This reminds him of a time before he realised who Hannibal is, when they spent hours in quiet conversation and enjoying each other’s company. Will opens his eyes and a tear rolls down his cheek. “I want to go home.” He whispers and Hannibal feels his heartstrings tug at the sight of his distressed omega.

Hannibal caresses Will’s cheek, softly wiping the tear away, “Soon, mylimasis. Soon.” Hannibal wraps Will in his arms, that sweet and spicy scent washing over him as Will nuzzles into his chest. *‘He’s much more affectionate than usual.’* Hannibal notes while comforting the omega.

‘Can it be?’ Hannibal spends this time with Will in his lap, scenting his neck and petting his curls. The young man is oddly reticent and seems content to purr at the attention. Before he leaves, he leaves a ring of bites around Will’s neck. “I’ll see about increasing my visits.”

Will softly grazes his finger over his neck, relishing his new marks. "You're leaving already?" Hannibal doesn't miss the disappointment in Will's tone.

"I have another appointment tonight," Hannibal replies, his gaze locked on Will's neck, admiring his work.

"Cancel it." Will commands without hesitation.

Hannibal frowns, "Will--" Will swiftly cuts Hannibal off with a kiss as he straddles his lap.

Will smirks and whispers softly against Hannibal's lips, "You claim I'm to be your mate but you won't even do this for me?"

Hannibal strokes Will’s hips and bites his lower lip, making the omega moan. “My dear, I promise to be back in a few days. It’s terribly *rude* to cancel at the last minute.” Will’s face immediately shuts down, replaced by a cold mask. He removes himself from his lap and lies down in bed.

“Fine. *Go* .”

Hannibal moves to stroke Will’s cheek and the omega inches away with a pained look, avoiding eye contact. His face still bears the scrapes and markings from their passionate time together. Hannibal picks up his phone.

“Hello, Alana. I’m afraid I will have to postpone the dinner party. There is something urgent requiring my immediate attention. Please extend my apologies to all the guests. Thank you.”

Will’s ears perk up at the sound of Hannibal on the phone. A sense of victory and excitement rushes through Will’s veins. He is back in Hannibal’s lap before he can even end the call, kissing and suckling on his neck. Hannibal stifles his moan, “Sorry, Alana, I really must go.”

By the time Hannibal ends his call, Will has already unbuckled his belt, unzipped his plaid trousers and is grinding himself over his cock, slick smearing through the suit. “What I

wouldn’t do for you, dear boy.” Hannibal is breathless at his omega’s wanton behaviour.

Will continues rocking his hips, pulling another moan from Hannibal. "Considering my current situation, I'd say you owe me a bit more than canceling a party." Hannibal smirks and traces his hands up Will's thighs, grinding upward to match his rhythm.

" *Anything* ." Hannibal moans.

"You can start by help- *ah* ! Helping me out of this damned suit!" Will desperately cries out, still grinding down on Hannibal with no sign of slowing despite his plea.

Hannibal immediately rips the suit away from Will’s body, one button’s torn off and bounces to the floor. “Oops.” Hannibal looks entirely unapologetic as he pulls Will back to him. Both men groan when Will sinks himself down onto Hannibal’s cock.

“ *Unggg* -you feel so good.” Will purrs into the alpha’s ear and bites down hard on a lobe.

Hannibal's breath hitches, " *šūdas.* " Will smirks, letting out a long moan he slowly rolls his hips.

"Already switching languages on me~?" Hannibal grips Will's hips as Will lifts himself up and sinks back down slowly, the pace chipping away at Hannibal's control.

Will increases his pace at minute increments, taking his own sweet time until he’s bouncing on Hannibal. He makes the most wonderful sounds, moaning out *ah* and *Daddy* and about how much he needs this. The alpha grits his teeth and wonders where his usual self control went.

Hannibal’s grip tightens as Will rides him, desperately fucking himself on the alpha’s dick. Will reaches between their body’s and begins stroking himself, his hips never stalling. “Fuck, I’m close!” Will tosses his head back, coming with a shout and Hannibal’s name on his lips.

Will spills between their bodies and Hannibal clutches him close, whispering words of praise while continuing to fuck into him. “My sweet little boy, you are such a wonder.” Will whines at the pleasure and overstimulation and moans into the alpha’s shoulder as Hannibal comes.

Will lazily kisses Hannibal, both coming down from their high. Will whines softly against Hannibal’s lips as he gently lifts Will off his lap. Hannibal helps Will get dressed and adjusts his own clothes. As Hannibal heads to the door, he turns to Will reclining on the bed. “I’ll be back in a couple days.”

“You better not keep me waiting too long, or I’ll have to call Chilton down here about new arrangements.” Will smirks, “I already need to see him about a new suit.” He gestures to his torn uniform, the missing buttons leaving his chest exposed.

Hannibal traces circles around Will’s chest with a finger and pinches a nipple. “ *Be good* . I’ll miss you, my dear boy. I’ll call for Chilton regarding your suit, not to worry.” He can already feel a pang at the thought of not seeing Will for two days. The long stay in BSHCI must have

taken a toll on both of them. Hannibal feels his patience fraying at the edges, and goes to find Chilton.

Will smiles and relaxes back on his bed, *'Two Days? That used to be nothing. Why does it feel like eternity. Fuck I'm going soft.'* Will turns over and drifts to sleep. Chilton is in his office and jumps at the knock on his door, knowing Hannibal was still in the building.

"Good Afternoon, Frederick." Hannibal glances over Chilton's shoulder and notices the screen that is supposed to show Will's ward is switched off. "Thank you for the privacy. It is much appreciated."

"O-of course." Chilton adjusts his tie nervously. "What can I do for you today Dr. Lecter? Was his new arrangement to your liking?"

Hannibal stalks towards Frederick. "Yes, they will better serve Will's needs. Though, he needs a replacement suit. I trust you can provide that?"

"Y-yes of course! I'll have the new outfit replaced by the end of the day." Chilton is a nervous wreck around Hannibal. That man just exudes pure alpha aura.

"Thank you, I must take my leave now. But you'll see to it that Will is well, yes? I will be back in two days." Chilton watches as Hannibal strides off. Well, he'll keep his hands off Will but he made no promises for the others…

A beta orderly comes and releases Will for his shower. Will follows, grabs a towel and strips in the locker room. He catches a glimpse of Hannibal's marks in the mirror and smiles. Will traces over them lightly, startled out of his daze by a body appearing behind his reflection.

"I see your Alpha has staked his claim once again. Yet, he's not here now." Will gets spun around by rough hands on his waist. Matthew hoists him up and walks to the showers. "I heard it's bath time, so I'm here to assist you."

Will doesn't resist the alpha's grasp, "Heh, it's been awhile, Matthew." He sets Will down and strips. "Chilton may have changed my shift and your room," Matthew's lips curl into a predatory smirk as he pins Will to the tile wall, "but *your alpha* underestimated me." he growls.

"Doesn't Chilton record everything in every room?"

"Who do you think wired the mics? Or rather, *unwired* them." Matthew roams hungry eyes all over the omega's naked body. Will can sense his desire, and for the first time he feels unease rather than anticipation.

He pushes the feeling down.

Matthew runs the tap and begins soaping Will's body. "You and me, we are hawks, Will. The younger man laughs as he shampoos his hair.

"Hawks are solitary."

“And that’s their weakness. Imagine if we start working together. We’re a perfect match, don’t you think?”

Cogs turn in Will’s head. This may be a change to see if Hannibal is indeed deserving of being his mate. Will looks down in subservience and lathers the alpha’s chest. Very lean muscles, immense strength, and weirdly dedicated to him. Will pouts. “I…need a favour.” Matthew bares his teeth and nicks Will’s neck as they continue to wash each other, hands touching everywhere. “I’m always happy to do a favour for a friend.”

Will leans in and breathes into Matthew’s ear. “Just a friend?”

The alpha’s eyes glow a deep red and he pulls Will in for a crushing kiss. “Just say the word.”

“I want you to kill Hannibal Lecter.”

Matthews’s pupils blow wide as a shiver of excitement runs down his spine. Will bites his bottom lip, relishing the effect he has over the alpha. “Your quiet Matthew. Worried you can’t do it?” Will teases, trailing a finger slowly Matthew’s chest.

Matthew growls and bites up Will’s neck, whispering, “I’ll bring him to his knees. He’ll beg but find no mercy.” Will keens, leaning into Matthew’s touch, still pushing that persistent feeling down.

“I don’t want him- *ah!* on his knees.” Will laces his fingers through Matthew’s hair as he continues to assault Will’s neck. “I want you to get creative. I want him to know who I belong to. In other words…” Will grips tightly and pulls the panting alpha away from his neck, locking eyes. “Surprise me~” Will purrs.

A deep feral rumble comes from Matthew's chest, Will gasps as the alpha hastily grabs Will’s wrists and pins them above his head against the tile. Matthew wedges a knee between Will’s legs and growls. “My little omega likes surprises huh? I’ll do my best to impress.” He leaves bruising nips along Will’s jaw, down to his shoulder and frowns. “Your scent has changed but you’re unmated. I wonder why.”

Will wraps his legs around the alpha’s hips and whines. He doesn’t want to think about the implications of Matthew’s comment. Forget about that, just make me feel good, Alpha.”

Matthew grabs the omega’s hips, hoisting him up higher against the tile and positions himself. Will whines softly as Matthew teases his cock along Will’s slick hole. “Hurry, Alpha.” Will moans, stroking his ego. Matthew moans as he eases in, stretching Will open as the heat engulfs his cock. Will softly groans, that uneasy feeling returning once again, even more prevalent. “Fuck” Will curses under his breath.

Matthew smirks, “I plan on it.” Matthew pulls out till only his tip remains and slams back inside, down to the hilt pulling a cry from Will.

Something’s not right.

Will moans from the intensity of being fucked so deep at this angle, Matthew keeping the punishing pace as he continuously thrusts up into him. Will' body may be reacting with the usual muscle memory, but his nerves feel like they're being electrocuted, his mind screaming *no, no, no* and *this isn't right, he isn't your alpha!* Will screams back at the voice inside *We'll find out who's the worthy one soon* and bites Matthew's shoulders hard. "F-fuck."

Matthew's knot swells as Will's teeth sink into his skin. Matthew's breath quickens, his knot teasing along Will's tight ring. As his hips press forward, Will groans, "No." His voice stern, Matthew stops, his head tilted in confusion as he locks eyes with the omega.

"No knotting. Not until you take care of Hannibal." His senses and body are already screaming *no* , there's no way he can handle Matthew's knot in his current state. Physically or mentally. Matthew scowls, a low rumble coming from his chest. Will nuzzles into Matthew's neck instinctively to calm the alpha. "Consider it an incentive. Now," Will whispers against his ear, "Do you want to come inside me or not?"

Matthew, placated for now, grinds against Will at a slower pace. "Anything you want, baby. And after that, I'm coming back to bite you immediately." He continues pumping into the omega, one arm tight around Will's waist and the other holding his neck. "And yes, I am going to fill you with my come. Perhaps puppies, next time?" Will mentally gags at the thought, and moans weakly as Matthew fills him with his seed. The friction causes Will to spill not long after and he slumps over, his legs having given out.

Will rests against Matthew panting. "Heh, that's a lot of big talk. I hope you can deliver." Matthew withdrawals and sets Will down, their bodies still close as Matthew gently cleans his body. "You know I will, baby." A chill runs down Will's back as Matthew nibbles along his neck, "M-Matthew." Matthew smirks, kissing Will's scent gland, a promise to come. "Let's get you back."

Matthew cleans the omega up and carries him back to his cell. Will's new room is relatively comfortable compared to the last one. Padded room, with a plushier bed. Perhaps he can convince Chilton to put him back on shift. He lays Will onto the bed and tucks him in, figuring

Will is so tired that he has fallen asleep already. "Good night, Will. The next time you see me, we'll be mated." He rewires the camera and leaves.

Will opens his eyes and shudders. His heart clenches slightly at the thought of Hannibal dead. Will lies awake, weighing the outcomes, knowing that if Hannibal was half the alpha he thought he was there would be no issue. But doubt still plagued his mind. The next morning, with a sinking feeling in his stomach, Will awaits to see what Alpha will come out on top.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will gets some answers.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Three days pass by fretfully for Will. He has been regurgitating his breakfasts and appears so listless that even Chilton notices. The psychiatrist makes a mental note to call for a doctor if things do not improve by the end of the week.

In the meantime, he has to locate his errant staff member. Matthew has been missing his shifts and Chilton is considering hiring a replacement. Francis is becoming near uncontrollable ever since he moved Will, roaring for the omega every other day. By Day 5, the bell buzzes and Chilton opens the door.

“Mr. Graham, still feeling unwell I see?” Will looks up, his head buried in his hands, slumped near the toilet. *‘Not the alpha I want to see.’* Will thinks as he stands.

“Frederick. To what do I owe the pleasure?” Exhausted and ill, Will wants nothing to do with his games today. "I thought you might like a visitor."

Will stares blankly at his reflection in the ceramic bowl. He is shaking lightly and his sweaty hair plasters his face. His guest seems to be waiting patiently by the door and Will slowly turns, eyes darting across the padded floor, towards the barred doorway, and spots a pair of loafers and chinos. No plaid? Will’s eyes water and he feels his heart shatter. He keels over, hugs his stomach and *wails* . The thought of living in a world *without Hannibal* suddenly feels unbearable.

“Will. Come back to me.”

The voice cuts through his grief and Will looks up. It’s Hannibal. He’s seen better days though, the alpha is sporting a swollen eye, cuts all over his face and two very angry lines down his wrists. Will cries harder.

Will can barely move as his emotions overtake him. Hannibal’s heart breaks at the sight of his omega in distress. “Frederick, open the door.” Chilton quickly taps the entry code, Hannibal rushing past him and almost knocking him over. Hannibal wraps Will tightly in his arms, whispering softly, “ *Shhh* - wade into the quiet of the stream.” Will takes a few deep breaths and looks up through tear filled eyes, streams still running down his cheeks.

“H-Hannibal. I-“

Hannibal gently places a finger over Will’s lips, “There will be time for that later.”

Chilton feels like he's intruding on something private and walks back to his office. There will be time for questions later, but it seems that Hannibal has arrived at the right moment. Hannibal carries Will to the bed, gently rocking the omega and comforting him with deep rumbling purrs. Will mutters stuttered apologies as he kisses the stitches running up the length of Hannibal's wrist. "I-I'm *so* s-s-orry..."

Hannibal takes a deep whiff of the curls. "Have I proven myself yet, my love?"

"Almost." Will wipes his eyes and turns in to straddle Hannibal, resting his head on his shoulder, taking in the alpha's scent. *'Stubborn as ever,'* Hannibal thinks, knowing it's close as he'll get to a straight answer from the omega. "You had me worried sick." Will says softly.

Hannibal chuckles, "Quite literally it seems." Will sits back and pouts, but isn't able to fight the smile forming on his lips, happy to be in the alpha's arms again. Will's smile falls slightly as his eyes fall back to the marks on Hannibal's arms. "What did you do to him?"

Hannibal wipes away tears with the back of his fingers and laces them together with Will’s. His omega seems to have gotten some colour back ever since he arrived. “I was ambushed during my swim, and we fought. I might have died had I not drowned him first.

I would punish you, but it would seem you were truly distraught at my absence.” Will’s eyes shine with guilt and he murmurs, “I was.” Hannibal pulls Will into a hug and tugs his head into his shoulder. His future mate most definitely smells *pregnant* .

Will nuzzles into Hannibal, the alpha's scent filling his senses. "I missed you" he keens, feeling content for the first time in days. Hannibal moans softly, smiling as Will kisses his neck affectionately.

"So much so you sent a man to kill me." Hannibal teases, his hands sliding to Will's hips as he nibbles along Hannibal's jaw. Will presses their bodies closer as he whispers against Hannibal's ear, "Correction: I sent you a *challenger* ."

“And I rose to the challenge, did I not? Naughty boy, sending an alpha after me, with nary a warning. Inexplicably rude.” Will purrs as he grinds down on Hannibal, both of them groaning at the sensation. “I’d say you passed with flying colours, although I wished I’d been there to see that. Too bad I’m still stuck in here.” A forlorn expression flashed across Will’s features and Hannibal cups his face gently. “I’ll get you out, I promise. Till then, no more contenders, I hope?” Will bites the older man’s lip. “No more.”

Will takes Hannibal’s hands, placing them on his waist, pulling another moan from the man as he grinds down. Hannibal smirks, “Insatiable little thing, aren’t you?” Will unzips his suit, slowly teasing the zipper along, eyes locked with Hannibal. “Are you complaining?”

Hannibal’s grip tightens, a low growl escaping his lips. Hannibal pulls Will closer and kisses down Will’s neck, his teeth scraping over Will’s exposed shoulders. “Never.” Will slides out of the top half his uniform, letting it fall by his waist.

He laces his fingers through the alpha's hair, moaning and rocking his hips as Hannibal sucks marks along his neck.

It's been nearly a week since he last had Will, and the scent of another is fading off of his neck. Hannibal flattens his palms on the omega's back and growls. "Did you promise yourself to him when you asked him to kill me? To allow him to bond with you?" He bites hard into Will's skin, leaving a string of bruises along both shoulders.

" *Ah!* I..he managed to wheedle his way to my- *ah!* -cell with the intention to bite me...so I had to distract him." Will hastily kicks off his outfit and rubs his cheek against the alpha, hoping to placate him. It feels so right to be here, with Hannibal. No uneasiness, like he belongs. He can already feel slick trickling down their thighs.

Another growl rumbles deep within Hannibal's chest at the thought of another Alpha touching his soon-to-be mate. His *pregnant* soon-to-be mate. Hannibal slides his hands down Will's back, parting Will's cheeks, teasing a finger over his slick covered hole.

"Did you promise him pups?" Hannibal asks, his voice low and rough. Will moans, arching his chest against Hannibal as a finger slips inside him. "I-I just told him *nnngghhh!* - what he wanted to hear." Will rests his head on Hannibal's shoulder, moaning as the alpha adds another finger.

Will's moans ring in Hannibal's ear as he curls his fingers, "I could never!" Will cries out.

Will pushes back against Hannibal's fingers and loses himself in the sensation. There is only a feeling of satisfaction and need for *more, more, more* . Hannibal pulls the omega's head back with a fistful of curls. "What. Was. The. Conversation."

Will looks down at him uneasily and breathes, "He cornered me in the bath and wanted to bond me, to 'give me pups' in his words. I...it didn't feel right. The only way I could get him off me was to delay it by..by sending him to you."

Will wonders if Hannibal is angry with him but his face is now a blank slate, the fingers inside him continuously moving in and out still. Then the alpha purrs and nuzzles Will's cheek. "My clever, clever boy."

Hannibal's grip on Will's holds firm, tilting Will's head, exposing more of his neck. Hannibal's teeth tease over Will's scent gland, inhaling his sweet and spicy scent. " *A-ah* Hannibal-" Will moans, his instinct screaming for Hannibal to bite him then and there.

Hannibal smirks, planting a gentle kiss on Will's neck before pulling away, "Not yet, mylimasis. Soon." Will whines as Hannibal withdrawals his fingers. Will hastily frees Hannibal's cock from its linen prison, moaning as he sinks down, taking Hannibal to the hilt.

"Ah fuck-" Hannibal groans, Will's heat engulfing him. Will tosses his head back, desperately riding Hannibal as he moans the older man's name over and over

“When?” Will asks breathlessly, riding his alpha with abandon. *His?* When did he begin thinking of Hannibal as his? Perhaps since he sent Matthew after him and Will realises that he would allow no one else to bite him aside from Hannibal.

Hannibal skims both hands along Will’s body and finds it softer, warmer, and goosebumps raise where he lingers. *A little curvy, perhaps.* He moans as Will begins to bounce on him in earnest. “We will bond when you are out, spread on silk sheets. It is what you deserve.”

Will keens at Hannibal’s words, “More. Tell me more!” he moans, hips still moving vigorously. Hannibal smirks, Will gasping as Hannibal flips them, pinning him on his stomach to the bed. Will arches his body as Hannibal runs his hands up Will’s back, sinking back inside him.

“I’ll mount you just like this, your face buried in my sheets. Screaming my name.” Hannibal thrusts, pounding into Will at a punishing pace, his hand tracing down to Will’s neck. “After your voice is hoarse, I’ll sink my teeth into you.” Electricity shoots through Will’s body as Hannibal grips his nape. “Claim you.”

“H-Hannibal!” Will manages to moan, whimpering beneath Hannibal. “Then I’ll make you beg for my knot like the desperate omega you are.” Hannibal groans as Will tightens around him.

Will’s whines drive Hannibal to thrust harder, one hand pinning the omega’s nape and the other wrapped around his waist. “You feel so good, Will. Like you were made just for me.” Will pushes back and sinks his nails into the alpha’s hips and draws blood. Hannibal hisses and harshly whispers into Will’s ear. “I want you to come from my knot, just like this.” Will moans at the order and comes onto the sheets as soon as Hannibal pushes his knot into him. He fucks Will through his orgasm in sharp motions, finishing shortly after.

Will whimpers, collapsing down on the bed bringing Hannibal down with him as Hannibal’s hot seed fills him. Pausing for a moment to catch his breath, Hannibal then wraps Will in his arms and turns them on their sides, spooning the omega until his knot subsides. Will smiles as Hannibal plants soft kisses around his nape, “Can you imagine doing this every day?”

Hannibal pulls Will tighter against his chest. “I can. And I’ll take my time worshiping every inch of you. We won’t leave the bed for days.”

Will laughs, “What about your patients, Doctor?”

“Family comes first. We’ll be mated after all.” Will mindlessly traces circles on Hannibal’s arm.

“A family.” Will whispers, sadness in his voice.

Hannibal’s body tenses, “Having second thoughts?”

“No! not about you! I just...always assumed someone like *me* shouldn't have pups."

Hannibal covers Will's belly with a hand in a surge of protectiveness. "Someone like you? Like my fierce little mongoose?" Will sighs contentedly when the alpha rubs slow circles around his belly button.

"You mean a bad tempered, damaged mind with poor social skills, and cursed with something I sometimes wish I didn't have." Hannibal pinches a hip and Will yelps.

"Selective about your company, a *brilliant* mind and your empathy is a gift. A double edged sword, no doubt. But a gift, nonetheless. And I am extremely honoured that you find my company bearable, unlike the rest of humanity." That got a laugh out of him, and it's a wondrous sound. Hannibal smiles and nicks Will's nape lightly, eliciting sighs from the younger man.

"Any children we have will be loved *fiercely* by us, and I am certain you will make a most wonderful father. Or mother, if that's what you prefer. They will inherit your curls, or my mouth. Or your beautiful ocean eyes." Will turns to look at Hannibal.

The older man looks mildly sleepy, but his eyes seem to possess a dreamy glaze. He looks happy. Will subconsciously pulls Hannibal's hand tighter over his belly. "That sounds amazing. If you still want me when I'm out."

"There is not a time, past, present or future where I would not want you, *mylimasis* ." Hannibal's knot subsides and he withdraws, turning Will to face him and holding him firmly against his chest. Will nuzzles into Hannibal's embrace, his fingers curling in Hannibal's chest hair. Hannibal continues, "Even in another life, I would want you. Space and time could not keep me from you, my dear." Will keens as Hannibal kisses his forehead gently.

He then chuckles, his spirits lifted, "While I look forward to meeting you in another life, I hope you'll have me out of here before that happens."

Hannibal smiles, "Rest assured, it won't be long." Hannibal pauses, his wheels turning. "The *incident* with Matthew may have actually worked in our favor." Will's court hearing is in ten days' time and Hannibal needs to prepare. He rubs his jaw over the purring omega and promises him that he'll see him *very* soon. Will softly whines when they part.

"Thank you, Hannibal." He kisses every scratch, bruise and stitch on Hannibal's face, leaving his apologies on the stitched up skin along his arms. Hannibal dresses Will and cards through his curls.

"I must go now. Be good, little mongoose."

Will winks, "When am I not? I'm a model inmate." Hannibal chuckles and kisses his lover one last time before taking his leave.

Will spends the next few days in bed whimpering for his alpha's comforting embrace, his sickness having returned soon after Hannibal's departure. BSCHI is an institute for alphas, so Chilton must call for an omegan specialist to diagnose Will. Will hears a pair of footsteps approaching but doesn't stir from bed. He smells two scents, one familiar alpha and one new, neither *his* alpha. "Good morning, Mr. Graham."

“Hello, Dr. Sutcliffe. I hope it’s not encephalitis this time” Will smiles humorlessly as he gets out of bed. He has not yet forgiven him for conspiring with Hannibal and lying to him. The doctor shuffles in with a beta. “This is my colleague, Dr Cadwell. We’re here at Dr Chilton’s behest. I do hope we’ll let bygones be bygones and get along, yes?”

Dr Cadwell cuts in before Will can reply with something cutting. “Mr Graham, please tell us how long have you been unwell, and anything unusual happening to your body?”

Will lists out his ailments, from loss of appetite to chills, migraines and body aches. The doctors do a basic round of checks on him and take him to Chilton’s medical wing. Along the way, Will asks Dr Cadwell, “You’re both quiet. This isn’t going well, is it?”

Dr Cadwell pats him on the shoulder and Will jolts. “Just need to confirm something. I hear you have an alpha who visits, yet you’re not bonded yet?” Will’s mouth flattens.

“That’s none of your concern.” The wall to the room was silent. The doctors have him lay down while they run more tests, the final being an ultrasound. Will thinks he might have prostate cancer. “Give it to me, doc. How bad is it?” The doctors look at each other, then at Will.

“You are pregnant, Mr Graham.”

“What did you just say?” Will asks, his voice just above a whisper and gaze locked on the two men. “You’re pregnant.” Dr. Cadwell answers.

Will’s face turns pale, “Run the tests again.”

Dr. Sutcliffe cuts in, “We have-“

“Then it’s a lie! Just like last time!” Will growls and stands, his eyes fierce and fixed on Dr. Sutcliffe. “Did Hannibal put you up to this?!” ‘H-Hannibal…’ he thinks, falling back onto the bed, the air suddenly gone from his lungs. Will knows Hannibal wouldn’t deceive him about this, not about pups, but what will he say?

Will he be pleasantly surprised or disappointed? This wasn’t the plan. Will gasps as his stomach turns. What if the pup isn’t Hannibal’s? The room starts to spin as his mind races, trying to get a grasp of the situation. Dr. Cadwell steps between the two men,

“Mr. Graham we have run all the tests and we are certain. I’m sure you must have noticed some changes as well.” Will’s sits back down, his head in his hands as the pieces start to fall into place. Dr. Cadwell continues, “Now, there are some changes–“

His words fade away as Will zones out, his thoughts consumed by Hannibal and the pup. What if it’s Francis or Matthew’s? What if Hannibal leaves him in BSHCI? The walls start closing in on Will as his breath quickens. He jumps at the gentle touch of a hand on his shoulder, breaking him out of his daze.

“Breathe, Mr. Graham. Breathe.” Mr. Cadwell smiles. Will takes deep breaths and tries not to spiral again. He may not have any idea what he is going to do but one thing is certain.

Hannibal can't know. Not yet

"You're still in the first trimester, so you'll need to be extra careful. We will speak with Frederick about your diet and taking proper care." Cadwell begins rattling off the list of vitamins to dispense Will for consumption.

"Hannibal is *not* my alpha. He doesn't need to know. Neither does Chilton." Will insists. "Mr Graham, we have to inform Frederick at leas-"

"Take this as repayment of your debt, Dr Sutcliffe. Just tell Chilton that I'm overly stressed out or something. I'm sure you'll have no issue coming up with a story." Will eyes the omega specialist with a steely stare. Sutcliff gulps uncomfortably and acquiesces.

"Fine. Then we're even?

"Even Steven."

Will stews in his cell after the doctors left. What if Hannibal finds out and decides not to bond with him? What if the child is someone else's? Will looks down at his belly, while still firm, has a slight curve to it. He'd still keep the pup, no matter what. He has no intention of telling Hannibal until he confirms something.

Chilton drops by in the evening with his dinner and a host of vitamins. "Dr Sutcliffe has informed me of your condition and prescribed these for daily intake. In the meantime, please rest well." Will smiles sweetly at him.

"Thank you, Frederick. I am grateful for your care. May I know how my...previous neighbor is faring?"

Chilton winces slightly. "Francis has been very agitated since I moved you. He has managed to injure all but one of my staff, and it's only because he's a beta. Why do you ask?" Will shyly looks down, lashes sweeping his cheekbones.

"I was just wondering how he's doing, considering we..had some intimate moments together. I know this may be overreaching, but do you think it would calm him down a little if I visit him for a while? Just a quick one, Hannibal doesn't need to know."

Chilton's silent, captivated and slightly wary of the omega's uncharacteristic docile nature. He briefly considers his options. "Hmmm it may help tame 'the dragon' so to speak." He ponders. "I'll arrange for you to pay him a visit in the morning." Chilton turns to leave.

"Wait." Will's lower lip juts out, pouting as he moves towards Chilton. "Why not tonight? The sooner the better, right?" Chilton cocks his head to the side, observing Will. While curious what the omega is actually up to, he decides the outcome will be entertaining regardless.

"You take me there now, and I'll have Francis better by morning." Will continues with a wink.

“Very well, Mr. Graham. Take the medication first at the very least and I’ll take you to him. Though, I imagine you should eat something as well. He is a handful and you’ll need your energy.” Will quickly takes the pills and eats a few bites of food before Chilton escorts him to Francis.

“Thank you, Frederick. You’ve been *so good* to me.” Chilton furrows his brows and wonders if there’s more to Will than Sutcliffe is saying. He’d been told that the time in BSHCI has been extremely stressful for Will, and coupled with being apart from his supposed alpha has made it rather difficult for the omega. He feels a stab of relief at Will’s suggestion though, at this point he’s just desperate to have Francis calm down.

Will trails behind Chilton, their steps echoing in the silent walk to Francis’ cell. In the time that

he’s left alone, Will has been contemplating the paternity of his pup. By process of elimination, he is almost certain that Matthew is not the father, from the way things went the last they met. It would seem that the pup, and by extension, his body, *recognizes* the father on a molecular level and his meeting Francis should ease all doubts once and for all.

And if Francis isn’t it, he can finally tell Hannibal.

Francis immediately smells Chilton as they approach and his growls grow louder until he smells Will, not recognizing his scent at first, somehow changed. Chilton stops in front of Francis’ cell, Will right behind him, “Good evening, Francis. I’ve brought you an old friend.”

Francis rises from his bed to meet them at the cell door, inhaling deeply, taking in more of Will’s unfamiliar scent. “Will.” He growls as the omega comes into view, stepping out from behind Chilton. Francis reaches through the bars, beckoning Will to come closer.

“Hi, Francis.” He smiles, closing their distance and letting Francis’ hand graze his cheek as Chilton unlocks the door. A shiver runs down Will’s spine, making him uneasy but he had to be sure. He could only face Hannibal if he was certain. Will steps inside the cell and

Francis immediately pins him to the wall, scenting his neck. “Ah! Francis-” Will gasps, looking to Chilton who had already closed the door and given them their privacy.

A low rumble erupts from Francis’ chest, “I’ve missed you.” He pauses, his nose grazing back and forth over Will’s neck. “Your scent has changed….Why?”

“Apparently the good doctors tell me that my recent loss of appetite and sleep is due to stress. Perhaps my scent has been altered by that, I can’t tell.” Francis inhales deeply and bites down on Will’s shoulder, earning a hiss from the omega. “Maybe. You smell *off* .

Doesn’t matter now that you’re here.” The alpha presses himself even closer, sandwiching the younger man to the wall. “I am going to knot you so hard we won’t be separated for a long while.”

Cold dread shoots up Will's spine when the alpha rips the top of his suit and t-shirt off and continues biting his way along his back. The sense of dread paves way to relief, when all Will feels is a disquiet whenever Francis comes into contact with his skin. That relief quickly turns to agitation when Will realises his predicament.

His cheek is cold from being forced against the wall tile and he wheezes out a plea. "Please... Francis...I'm pleased you want to give me your knot but I-" Will slumps over before he can finish, eyes rolling to the back of his head

Chilton's eyes go wide as he watches Will's body go limp in Francis' arms, out cold. He turns from the monitor and grabs two beta orderlies to retrieve Will from Francis' cell. Chilton may have a penchant for overstepping professional curiosity, but he wasn't a monster.

Francis holds Wil tightly against his chest, instantly becoming protective of the distressed omega in his arms, biology fully taking over. "Will." He whispers in his low rough voice, gently stroking his cheek to try and wake him, earning only a small whimper in response.

Francis hears footsteps approaching and quickly turns his body, shielding Will from the door and view of others. Chilton and the two betas stop at the cell door, the betas moving back slightly overpowered by Francis' raging pheromones. "Francis, step back and away from Will." Chilton instructs. "We need to get him back to the medical bay."

"You CANNOT…touch him." Francis growls through heavy breaths, glaring over his shoulder, eyes completely dark. "My *omega* ." Chilton realizes he is quickly running out of options and while he can't risk sending two betas in with a nearly feral alpha, he also cannot risk Will's safety.

Chilton sighs and turns to the orderly on his left, "Call Dr. Lecter."

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is called to BSHCI.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At a bespoke tailor's miles away, Hannibal is giving Errol dimensions for a few new suits. "The suits will be ready in three days. Only because you asked so nicely, young man." Hannibal smiles at the old tailor. All his suits have been made by Errol since he first came to Baltimore all those years ago. Will should look presentable for his hearing. And dates out

The law firm Hannibal engaged for Will has a near perfect score with cases such as his, and they're confident that they can fight; and win. He'd made sure to leave hints for Jack to direct his attentions to Brown as the Ripper ever since the incident and Jack looks almost relieved that it's anyone besides Will. His dear boy should be in his arms in less than a month, safe in his, no. *Their* home, warm and adored and not wanting for anything. Hannibal is contemplating a renovation to convert one of his guest rooms into a nursery when his mobile rings.

"Hello." Hannibal's face remains impassive, except for the slight clenching of his jaw. "I'm on my way. Please ensure Will's safety. Thank you, Frederick." Hannibal jogs to his car, gets in with a slam and floors the gas. Will needs him now and there's no time to wonder what his mongoose is doing in Dolarhyde's cell. There will be time for answers after he extracts Will.

Hannibal skids into the parking lot and sprints towards Francis' cell, Chilton intercepting him with a smile. "Dr. Lecter, you made excellent time. Please follow me." Hannibal clenches his fists and swiftly swallows his rage, making a note to deal with Chilton once Will's safe.

"As you were told, this is a delicate situation. Will is still unconscious and Francis has gone near feral, ignoring reason." Chilton smirks. "Most likely in response to an unbonded omega in distress." Chilton's airy attitude enrages Hannibal, though his mask stays calm.

Hannibal pushes his questions for Will to the back of his mind, focusing on the task at hand. "I won't ask why you let Will into Francis' cell in spite of our arrangement, but I do have to ask: Why have you not retrieved Will yourself? You're an alpha as well, are you not?

Chilton turns to Hannibal outside the cell door. "I am an alpha, but I am not *his* alpha, now am I Dr. Lecter?" Hannibal resists the desire to slap the smile off Chilton's face. Chilton continues, gesturing inside the open cell, "And if you don't hurry, you won't be either."

Hannibal ignores Chilton's taunts and enters the cell, his mask briefly slipping at the sight of Will in Francis' arms. His instincts scream for him to rip Francis' throat out and escape into the night with Will in tow, but he suppresses the urge and steps forward. "Francis."

Francis growls and stands to face Hannibal, his body positioned between Will and Hannibal. Hannibal calmly steps forward again, undeterred by Francis and his amber eyes dark with rage.

"This will be your only warning, step away from Will." Francis growls, baring his teeth.

"You have no claim…He is unbonded…your mistake." Francis rumbles through gritted teeth as Hannibal takes another step forward. Hannibal glances at Will, the omega starting to rouse, then returns his attention to Francis. "You did not heed my warning, Francis. 'Your mistake.'"

Hannibal draws first blood with a swing across the alpha's jaw. Francis' head snaps to one side and the floor is decorated with crimson drops. He shrugs his jacket and flings it behind him, murmuring instructions without taking his eyes off Francis.

"Close the door and call Jack." Chilton catches the clothing, shuts the door and rushes off.

Hannibal rolls his shoulder and braces for impact when Francis advances on him with a roar "Will is MINE! He came to look for *me* !" Hannibal parries each of his blows but Francis is marginally taller and is all solid muscle. He feels his breath forced out of him when Francis fists his vest and throws him against the wall. Very impressive. Hannibal notices Will being feverish in his peripheral vision and points that out to the other alpha.

"Did you not notice Will's scent change?" Francis charges towards him, his rage rendering him unable to register Hannibal's words. Hannibal dips low and his leg shoots out from under Francis, aiming a kick in his solar plexus. Francis immediately rolls to the floor and gasps for breath. Hannibal prowls over and punches his ribcage and the alpha howls when cracks echo the cell.

He contemplates breaking his neck when he hears a thump behind him, followed by a hiss of pain. " *Hannibal* ?

Will is on the floor, having fallen off the bed from a nightmare. "You're alive." His eyes take on an unnatural shine under the fluorescent light. He sighs when Hannibal folds him into his arms, gently scenting him. *Safe* .

Will begins to shake when the alpha quietly asks "Why did you go to him, Will?"

"I..I needed confirmation. A final hurdle." Will tightens his hold. He doesn't want to let go, nor be left alone. "Did you find what you were looking for?" Hannibal lifts them both onto the bed and Will brushes fingers over his injuries. Hannibal's eye is starting to swell.

" *Yes.* "

The cell opens behind and Jack storms in. Looks like the cavalry has arrived.

Jack's team quickly subdue and restrain the dragon, carting him off to the medical wing to treat injuries. Will shudders in Hannibal's arms as Francis is taken from the cell, his vicious gaze fixed on the omega. Hannibal holds Will tighter against his chest, "Pay him no mind."

Jack walks over to the pair, "Do I want to know how this happened?" Before either man can answer Jack sighs, "You know what? No, I don't. The trial is coming up soon. I would advise you to avoid any further incidents."

Will's eyes narrow as his tone turns cold, "Noted. Thanks."

Jack nods and silently takes his leave, Hannibal admiring the brief glimpse of his omega's fierce spirit. Hannibal smiles, "Do not fear, mylimasis. I'm sure the trial will be swift and have the outcome we desire." Will hums in agreement, his mind clearly on other matters.

Hannibal stands with Will in his arms. "Now, let's get you back to your cell to rest. I won't have you in the infirmary, not with that beast there." Will smiles and buries his face in Hannibal's chest and practically purrs, elated to be with the alpha once again. *His* alpha.

"Hannibal," Will says softly as Hannibal carries him to his room. "We need to talk." Hannibal gently kisses Will's head, continuing his pace.

"I agree, there is much to discuss. But there will be time for that after you rest. It's not good for your health to overexert yourself." Hannibal all but demands for an additional cot to be added to Will's ward. "I should think it wouldn't be too much trouble for me to remain with my mate for just one night." Chilton looks displeased at the notion of Hannibal in his facility overnight and the alpha continues, looking dignified despite his injuries. "I am expecting the best possible care for Will until he leaves. This is a stressful time for a pregnant omega, after all."

" *Pregnant?* Sutcliffe told me it's stress!" Hannibal arches a brow. It hardly seems plausible that an omega specialist has been unable to determine the pregnancy. Ah, Will must have cajoled him into it. Sneaky boy. "You may wish for Sutcliffe to revisit for a follow up, I am certain Will is carrying." Chilton looks flabbergasted. Hannibal smirks at the other man's confusion.

"Well..in this case you can rest assured your mate will receive the best care here, and I'll have the cot sent to you shortly."

Hannibal thanks Chilton and walks back to the ward, clearly dismissing Chilton. He has been patched up by the medical staff, and Will's blood pressure has gone down since his arrival and is now looking rather angelic in his sleep. Hannibal cards through those soft curls and closes his eyes

Will stirs awake from Hannibal's gentle touch, mewling as he stretches and turns to face the man sitting next to him. Hannibal continues running his fingers through Will's hair, "I apologize, I didn't mean to wake you." Will sits up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes

"It's fine. It was nice to rest after tonight's...events." Will scoots closer, resting his head on Hannibal's shoulder. "Speaking of which, what time is it?"

Hannibal briefly checks his watch, “Just past nine. Why do you ask?” Hannibal asks, noticing Will’s fallen face.

“You’ll have to leave soon, right? It’s well past visiting hours.” Will runs his fingers through his hair and sighs. “Damn. I was hoping we would have time to talk.”

“I’ve already discussed your situation with Chilton and a cot is being brought down for me to spend the night. After your rather unpleasant encounter with Francis, I had hoped you’d like me by your side tonight.”

“My situation...” Will softly repeats, lost in his thoughts for a moment. Will smiles and wraps his arms around Hannibal’s waist, “I would like that a lot. Thank you.”

Will gently pushes Hannibal back onto the bed and crawls onto his chest, lying in Hannibal’s arms. “But the second bed seems unnecessary if you ask me.” Hannibal chuckles, amused by the omega growing needier by the day, not that he was complaining. "As you wish, my love."

Will sighs as Hannibal massages the small of his back. “So, about our talk.” Will props himself up to gaze at Hannibal, his expression gentle and kind. A side Hannibal only shows to Will in their most intimate moments. His heart tightens, knowing he can’t avoid it any longer.

“Hannibal,” he takes another deep breath. "I know this isn't how we saw things going between us and I wanted to wait until after the trail but-" Hannibal cocks his head, concerned there is more to this conversation than he anticipated.

"Will?" he asks softly.

"I'm pregnant."

There is a minute pause in the massage and it picks back up immediately. Will’s tries to use his empathy but it feels like he hit a wall when Hannibal’s soft expression smoothes out into his usual mask. Like the mirrored surface of a placid lake. Except with the alpha it comes with an ocean trench sort of depth.

“You went to Francis as a means of determining paternity. Did it not occur to you to ask me first?” Hannibal watches Will go through a range of emotions, from a flaring anger at the pointed question and settling on quiet guilt.

“I…needed to reconcile the facts with the feelings in order to determine the results. Going to Francis was a risk, but a necessity.” Will whispers against Hannibal’s chest, his breath ticking the alpha’s chest hairs. Hannibal pulls him closer still and murmurs into his curls.

“Were you concerned about my reaction if the child isn’t sired by me? Will, I intend for us to bond, and any child carried by you will take my name. And unconditionally loved by us.”

Hannibal feels a warm wetness spreading across his chest. “Will?”

“Thank you, Hannibal.” Will wipes an arm hastily across his eyes in slight embarrassment. He gives Hannibal an adorably wet smile which fades into contemplation

“Francis told me I smelled different. Were you able to tell with hyperosmia?”

Hannibal remains quiet for a moment, the only sound between them is their light breaths. “Yes.” His voice is gentle, just above a whisper. “I noticed the change in your scent during one of our previous visits.”

“Wait...” Will straightens up and props himself up on his arms, looking straight into Hannibal’s eyes. “Is that why you had me moved?”

Hannibal hums in agreement. “It was for your safety. Your scent could have changed for a variety of reasons and I simply had you other alphas removed from the equation until we could be certain.”

“They aren’t- weren’t my alphas. You *know* that.” Hannibal preens at the comment, knowing the other alphas never were real suitors for the omega didn’t bring him any less joy in hearing it from Will himself. “You still could have told me if you knew,” Will huffs.

Hannibal brings a hand to Will’s cheek, cupping it gently, “The same could be said for you, my love.” Will sighs in defeat as Hannibal pulls him down into a gentle kiss. Hannibal’s grip on Will’s back tightens, holding him closer as he trails kisses down his jaw.

“Now that we needn't worry about Francis and Matthew, we can focus on the trial, and then on us, and *our* pups.” Will tilts his head, granting Hannibal more access to his neck. “Yes.” Will purrs, pressing his body against Hannibal’s, the alpha nosing along Will’s scent gland.

Hannibal smirks, sliding his hand lower, tracing down Will’s tail bone and over the curve of his ass as the sweet and spicy aroma filling his senses. Will moans, Hannibal’s teasing over his slick hole through the fabric. “Hannibal a-ah!” Will spread his legs, straddling Hannibal as he teases his fingers further, the fabric hindering his digits from entering much deeper, driving Will insane with need. “Fuck-” Will pants, grinding back desperately against Hannibal’s large fingers. Hannibal slows his fingers, tracing a line up the back of Will’s suit and down again, the fingers returning only briefly, leaving the omega moaning against his chest

Hannibal pauses his teasing to bring his hand to his hips to lick the slick staining through his uniform. “Exquisite.” Will whines and desperately paws at his clothes, missing a few buttons in his eagerness. “Get. This. Thing. OFF!” The alpha stymies his frustrated gestures as he gently removes Will’s hands from ripping the fabric any further.

“Let me.” Will clings to him with a whimper, focussed on stripping the alpha instead. “Not yet, dearest. Let me take my time with you.” Hannibal nibbles on Will’s bottom lip and nicks it with a canine, licking the droplet of blood that bloomed. The omega’s eyes flutter shut as he lets out a slow breath.

Will smells intoxicating, like a decade old single malt whisky with notes of honey and wood. The caramel undertones are stronger, too. Likely a byproduct of the developing pregnancy.

Remarkable boy.

Hannibal kisses his way down Will's jaw as he unbuttons the uniform, leaving marks along the slim neck and rubbing his scent all over it. A bite on the collarbone leaves his omega breathlessly moaning. "Please, Hannibal…more.." Will lifts himself in order for Hannibal to slide the outfit off of him and presses himself even more firmly onto the alpha's clothed hardness.

"Be a good boy, now. I am going to taste you and make you come. And then I'm going to knot you. Then you'll come for me again, won't you, lovely boy?" Will hides his moans in a broad shoulder and gets his ass pinched. "Stay with me, Will. I need your mind here, with me. With us."

"I'll be good. I c-can be good." Will allows the alpha to lean him back, lowering his body to the bed. His legs now loosely wrapped around Hannibal's hips. "What are you doi- *Nnnggahhhh* !" Hannibal swallows him in one smooth movement, and begins to suck in earnest. Will digs his fingers into the soft silvery hair and *pulls* . He cants his hips to fuck Hannibal's mouth and the alpha growls in approval.

"I-I'm not going to last, Hannibal." All Will gets is a hot tongue teasing along his length and he cries out when his cock hits the back of Hannibal's throat.

Will comes with a shout and Hannibal drinks from him like a man in a desert.

The alpha eases his lips back with a pop and gazes at his limbless Will.

"Good boy."

Hannibal sits up, admiring Will beneath him, panting and writhing in his wanton state, watching Hannibal undress through his own heated gaze. Will's eyes trail over Hannibal's body as he sheds his layers, keening at the sight of Hannibal's thick hard cock.

He sucks his lower lip between his teeth, drawing more blood as his eyes meet Hannibal's once again. Will smirks, slowly running his tongue along his bottom lip, licking it clean, eyes locked with Hannibal's. Hannibal gently traces his hands down Will's sides, worshiping every muscle and curve on the omega's body. "Hannibal," Will whimpers, arching to his touch

"Patience my sweet boy." Will nods, panting as Hannibal pauses his hands over his stomach, fingers lightly outlining the swell of his belly. "You're exquisite." Will blushes as Hannibal's hands continue down to his hips, lifting him up further into Hannibal's lap before leaning down and capturing his lips in a heated kiss. Will tastes himself on Hannibal's tongue as he grinds down on Hannibal's cock, his hole wet and aching to be filled.

Will hooks his legs around Hannibal's waist, silently begging. Hannibal positions himself and slides inside Will, groaning as Will's heat slowly engulfs him. His grip on Will remains firm, stopping his hips hastening their pace. Will releases a low drawn out moan, completely full as he bottoms out on Hannibal's cock.

"Oh fuck." he pants, wrapping his arms around Hannibal and burying his face in Hannibal's neck. Will's sweet scent washes over Hannibal, the alpha nuzzling along Will's gland seeking

more. Hannibal withdrawals his cock till just the head remains before slamming back inside, Will crying out against his neck. Hannibal begins fucking into Will at a punishing pace, the omega's strong pheromones causing his alpha instincts to emerge and take over. Will moans Hannibal's name, biting and sucking at his neck as his voice rings throughout the cell.

Hannibal's grip tightens, bruising Will's hips as his brutal pace continues, face buried in his lover's neck, inhaling the omega's intoxicating scent. "Hannibal please- Fuck! I need it!" Will pleads, Hannibal smirking against his skin as he scrapes his teeth down Will's neck.

"Knot me, *breed* me please! *Ah* - Alpha!" Will tosses his head back, body arching and coming with a loud cry out as Hannibal snaps his hips forward, his swollen knot locked inside Will. Will's body trembles, legs falling to the side as waves of pleasure pulse through his body

Hannibal sinks his teeth into Will's shoulder, coming with a low guttural growl, pumping Will full of white hot liquid. He rolls his hips, riding out his orgasm and lapping up the blood from Will's shoulder as the omega keens beneath him, blissfully running his hands along Hannibal's muscular back.

Hannibal rolls them both onto their sides, tangled in each other's arms, catching their breaths. Will groans, the knot tugging against his sore rim as he gets in a more comfortable position. "Fuck…" Will pants then laughs. "If I wasn't pregnant before, I sure as hell am now.

Hannibal laughs and Will thinks it's the most beautiful sound. He can still feel the omega's body milking his knot, clenching and unclenching in small motions. Will is currently rubbing his cheek against Hannibal's bicep and purring. Just like a contented cat. The alpha nuzzles into his neck and breathes in the wonderful scent of his future mate. "I am looking forward to having both of you home. It won't be long now, my dear." Will purrs even louder, eyes closed and a small smile etched on his face.

"Me too, Hann- *AH* !" Will twitches when he feels a large warm hand on his soft cock. "Are you serious? Your knot is still inside, you insatiable man." Hannibal's eyes flash and he gives Will an experimental tug just to hear the younger man gasp.

"That was a reward for coming back to me. And *this* , this is for disobeying me and going to another alpha and conspiring with Sutcliffe and *lying* to Chilton about your condition." Hannibal growls and kisses Will thoroughly, swallowing all the beautiful sounds elicited from the omega as he continues to tease him, stroking the pliable member in his hand against a constant rhythm.

"Have you any idea what could have happened had you not fainted? Or were you planning on letting him have you? Did your promise to me mean nothing?" Will sobs against Hannibal's jaw and arches his back and wails when the alpha gives his cock a hard tug.

"I-AH!-I'm so s-sorry, Hannibal. It was a last -*unnghghh*- resort. I planned to call Chilton to get me after I got an answer, or fight Francis to the end if I had to. I meant what I said- *ah!* - to you, but I would b-be unable to- *mm* -face you before that. P-please!" Will's wanton moans reverberate through the room as he clings on to the older man. Hannibal teases the slit and smears the precum all around the head and hums in contemplation.

“He wouldn’t have let you go. And it would truly break my heart should he have bitten you before I arrived. Ah, it looks like you are showing signs of life. Perhaps we should put it to the test. The average refractory period for someone your age is 30 mins. Let’s see what’s yours, shall we?” Will weakly pushes Hannibal away and groans when he realises he is still knotted.

“*No no no no* I can’t! I already came *twice*!” Hannibal holds Will tight and maintains his stroking motions. Will is teetering on the brink of an orgasm and clawing the alpha’s back from overstimulation. “Well well, looks like your timing is fifteen minutes. Very impressive. Now, shall we aim for the finish line?”

Will can only hang onto Hannibal and screams out his apologies as he spills onto the alpha’s hand after a few more pumps. Hannibal’s knot slips out at the same time, and hugs his tired boy to sleep.

Hannibal gently wipes tears from the corners of Will’s eyes then carefully pulls the blanket over them, ensuring not to wake Will. Hannibal strokes Will’s curls, admiring the omega when a chuckle escapes his throat, finding it humorous how Will was correct; the second cot was unnecessary.

Hannibal smiles as he's lulled to sleep by Will's soft breaths. The outside world falls away, and it’s there, in the last cell on the left, that Will and Hannibal find peace in one another's arms, sleeping soundly through the night for the first time in months.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! This is the end of part 2 and part three will begin on Twitter soon!

Follow us, xMH_4Lx and jorassicworld, to follow along as we write and for more NSFW tweets!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Will’s trial begins.

Will remains still and faces forward, his posture stiff as the tie around his neck growing more uncomfortable with each passing minute. He's anxious, gripping his leg under the table to try and mask his distress, though everyone, even the betas, can smell his current state.

The room is quiet, save for the prosecutor's voice echoing throughout. Will shifts in his seat as the door to the court room quietly opens behind him. He keeps his eyes fixed on the front of the room as a wave of familiar pheromones wash over him, calming him. *'Hannibal...'*

Hannibal casts a warm smile towards his omega. His darling looks utterly miserable in his ill-fitting suit. It's most likely his only one, worn for graduations and funerals alike. When he's out, Hannibal will make sure to take him to the tailors and get him every single item in every pattern and shade available.

The trial drags on until lunch. The prosecutor is strong, enlisting Kade, Alana and Freddie to testify. Things are not looking well. They stop for a lunch break and Hannibal gets to meet Will in a secure room to eat.

Will looks on the verge of tears. Hannibal leaves his tupperware on the steel table, walks around it and engulfs his soon-to-be mate in a tight hug. "W-what if I can't get out? What if I get a life sentence?" Hannibal tuts. "You would not. I would dispel your doubts here once

and for all." "Doubts about what?" Will takes a watery breath and allows the alpha's smoky scent to calm him. "About us. I want you to believe in the best of me, just as I believe in the best for you. Trust me." Hannibal kisses the curls as Will nods. "Okay."

Hannibal smiles as he lifts Will's chin, "Soon this will all be behind us and we can start anew. All of us." Will smiles, placing a hand gently over his stomach. "You're right. Sorry I'm just a little..." Will trails off, distracted by Hannibal's face so close to his own.

Hannibal and Will were forced to spend the last couple of days apart from one another, each making preparations for the trial. Both men had become distressed from the separation, neither wanting to be away from their future mate for even a moment.

"Hormonal?" Hannibal grins, "It is simply a symptom of your pregnancy as well as a sign of its healthy progression. Do not apologize, my dear." Will laughs, smiling against Hannibal's lips as the alpha pulls him into a kiss, the alpha's gentle touch and pheromones easing Will's mind further.

Hannibal pulls away from the kiss with regret and opens the lunch box lid. “Eat, darling. You need the energy.” Will backs the alpha into the steel chair until he is seated, and straddles him. “Feed me,” Will breathes into Hannibal’s ear. “You’ve hunted to provide sustenance for both me and the pup, and now I want you to feed me. Nourish us.”

Hannibal’s eyes flash red and he purrs at the thought of being able to provide for his family. He carefully scoops rice, meat and vegetables into Will’s waiting mouth. “So demanding, yet I am unable to resist you.”

When the lunch box is empty, Will rolls his hips and that gets a growl from Hannibal. “Do I also get dessert..alpha?” Hannibal grabs his hips and grinds the omega down on his growing cock. Will moans loudly. “I’m sure this is not strictly legal.”

Will laughs. “I don’t care.”

Will tugs Hannibal up by his tie, capturing his lips once more as he grinds down, both men moaning. Their tongues explore the other's mouth, chasing and savoring the taste if their mate as their hips rock slowly against each other.

"Alpha," Will pants against Hannibal's lips, his tone weak, begging for more.

"Will-"

Before Hannibal can respond, the men are interrupted by a blushing court house official, a beta thankfully for their and his sake. "Sorry um... recess is over and we need Mr. Graham back in the courtroom."

Will sighs, his initial glare softening, realizing it's in their best interest to continue later. Hannibal smiles at the beta, "We will be out momentarily." The official nods and exits to the hall quickly where he awaits to escort Will.

"Fuck," Will huffs as he adjusts his glasses, climbing off Hannibal's lap to fix his suit as Hannibal does the same. "All in due time, my love." Hannibal smiles, kissing the top of Will's curls.

———

Will takes his seat next to Leonard. The man is among the top defence attorneys in the country and has handled Hannibal’s affairs with utmost discretion. He summons Jack first. Will notices Kade eyeing Jack beadily. She never liked him, and he knows Jack’s career is on the line for this.

“And what was your first impression?”

“He was intelligent and arrogant. And very likely on the spectrum.” Will blinks. Jack never told him about the first impression and Will didn’t care enough to ask.

“But you felt that he was qualified to work in the field.” Leonard continues his line of questioning. “Under my supervision. Will hated every second of the work.”

Leonard paces the floor and stops in front of Jack. “Why then is it that when you offered him an opportunity to quit, he refused?” Jack frowns. “Because he was saving lives. I had been warned by more than one person that if I pushed Will, I'd break him. I put those checks and balances in place, then ignored them.”

Will’s eyes widen, Jack is actually defending him. He didn’t think anyone would help him at this point. Not after the accusations thrown at him by Jack and Alana. ”Are you sure you're not just trying to assuage your own guilt? Leonard’s gaze pierces Jack’s own. The Head of Behavioral Sciences nods, “Yes, I'm sure. I'm not.” Leonard nods to the judge and summons the next witness.

Hannibal walks up to the stand, all calm and confident alpha. His face is a mask but his eyes fall on Will, and they are warm. Will lets out a breath that he doesn’t know he’s holding and stares at Hannibal’s pocket handkerchief.

Leonard proceeds in the same vein as Jack, with an inquiry on how they met, and their relationship to each other. Will wonders if Hannibal wouldn’t have been allowed on the stand if they were mated.

“If you weren't his psychiatrist, what were you?” Hannibal actually looks contrite. Will nearly scoffs. He’s a great actor, he’d give him that. “I was meant to be his stability. I failed him in that.” Oh. That part’s true though.

Leonard hums. “How did you fail him?” Hannibal looks down at his hands-oh dear are those tears? “I was unable to determine if Will's condition was due to mental illness or stress from his work at the FBI.”

The alpha removes his handkerchief and dabs his eyes. Some spectators go ‘awww’. Will is both impressed and horrified at Hannibal’s acting abilities. “My mistake was never considering his innocence until I was nearly killed.”

Leonard lets the courtroom quiet down before continuing his line of questioning. “But you just didn’t fail your *patient* ." Hannibal’s eyes flick up to the lawyer, narrowing briefly as his mask fades before quickly returning, only Will catching the slip.

Will glances at Leonard, *'What the hell? He’s going off script.'* Will, Hannibal, and Leonard had met and rehearsed his questions prior to Hannibal's court appearance to ensure both were properly prepared. Hannibal straightens in the chair, "I’m not quite sure of the question.”

“Everyone in this room can *sense* that you and my client aren’t merely doctor and patient. Please Doctor, I’ll ask again. What is your true relationship with my client?” Will hears people shifting behind him, but he keeps his eyes forward, locked on Hannibal.

Hannibal glances at Will, checking on his omega, sensing his growing distress once more, before returning his gaze to Leonard, eye contact is polite after all. “You’re correct. Will and I’s relationship has evolved past the doctor and patient roles in which we began.”

Will starts sweating, his anxiety growing. Him and Hannibal knew what they were, but that had been enough. Jack and Alana knew Hannibal paid regular visits to Will in BSHCI but

this… for it to be said out loud? This isn't how Will thought it would come out.

He grips his knees under the table, eyes still locked on his alpha, seeking any form of comfort. Hannibal continues, "I did not simply fail my patient, nor my friend." Hannibal's expression softens as his gaze shifts from Leonard to Will.

"I failed my mate."

Will's breath hitches and his chest tightens, taken aback by his alpha showing authentic sincerity and, in turn, such vulnerability. The court room gasps and Will feels Alana glaring holes into the back of his neck, searching for a mark.

Hannibal's soft expression fades as the lawyer continues, "Future mates, though. Right, Doctor?" Hannibal looks to Leonard, his mask fully returned. "That is also correct. Will and I have not bonded due to the current circumstances."

Hannibal returns his gaze to the omega, "Yet I am confident enough to no longer use the qualifier of 'future'. Will is my mate." Will swoons, some alpha's leaving the room as his pheromones turn sickeningly sweet.

"Thank you, no further questions." Hannibal exits the stand and smiles at Will as he passes.

Will returns his smile then immediately glares at his lawyer. "What the hell was that?" Will whispers as the prosecution takes their turn. Leonard sits back in his chair smugly, "We needed to play it up more."

"What?" Will grits his teeth, already annoyed by his implication.

Leonard grins, "Keep up the fragile omega act. They don't care about buying your innocence, Will. But a 'poor omega' who desperately needs his mate? That I can sell." Will just scoffs and turns back to the front of the room as the trial continues. He was right to be annoyed.

Will doesn't need to 'keep up with the fragile omega act' because his body seems determined to make him lose his lunch in the middle of Beverly's recounting of forensic evidence with regards to Matthew's body. He takes a gulp of water and forces himself to pay attention.

"Yes, the evidence retrieved from Brown's home points to him as the Ripper. We found traces from previous Ripper victims in the shed, as well as a wall full of Will's photos. He's obsessed with h-" Will cups a hand over his mouth and Leonard immediately calls for an orderly to take him to the washroom. He can feel Hannibal's eyes follow him out. of the room.

Will empties his stomach of its contents and washes his face. The hearing must have distressed the little one. Will pats his stomach softly. "Hang in there, we're almost done. Papa promised he'll get us home."

By the time Will takes his seat again, Chilton is on the stand. Will nearly rolls his eyes at the man's blatant exaggeration of 'having the troubled omega in my facility' and descriptions of 'I have provided Mr Graham with the most excellent care, and even permitted extra visits

from his soon-to-be mate.” He mentions nothing of the pregnancy, something which Will is begrudgingly grateful for. No reason to give Lounds more weapons to use against him.

They take one last break before the verdict. Hannibal walks over to cup Will’s face immediately. “Are you all right, mylimasis?” Will nods, staring at the alpha’s mouth. It’s so tempting to kiss him right now. “Yeah. Someone isn’t very happy to be here all day.” At that, Hannibal ruffles his hair fondly. “Of course. You’ve been so strong for us, little one.”

Hannibal turns to Leonard. “I would berate you for the surprise, but I admit, it seems rather effective. I saw members of the audience, and even the jury, softening when they heard of us becoming mates.” Leonard clasps a hand on Hannibal’s shoulder.

“Trust me, Dr. Lecter. I will get your mate out if it’s the last thing I do.”

———

The trial proceeds without any further surprises from either side as Hannibal keeps a watchful eye on his mate, worried about Will and their pup as the stressful day continues. Finally, both sides finish their arguments and the judge dismisses the jury to discuss the verdict.

Hannibal waits with Will during the brief recess while the jury is out, the alpha wanting to support his omega anyway possible. Hannibal holds him close as Will silently nuzzles and scents his mate, the alpha's pheromones calming his nerves.

The jury returns after an hour.

Will stands for the verdict, nervously adjusting his glasses with shaky hands and sweaty palms. "We, the jury, find the defendant..." Will clenches his jaw, zoning out as a million scenarios run through his mind, none preparing him for what he hears next. "...not guilty."

Will collapses back down into his chair, releasing a heavy breath he hadn't realized he was holding. Time stands still only for Will as the courtroom clears out, Hannibal rushing to his side. Will's broken from his daze by Hannibal gently cupping his face in his hands.

Will's eyes swell as he smiles at Hannibal, whispering a simple 'finally' before pulling him into a hug. Leonard packs his things up with a smile, "Congrats. Mr. Graham. You're a free man." The men both thank him and discuss being in touch for any legal follow-up.

Hannibal turns to Will, "Now. Let's get you home." Will nods and follows Hannibal out to his Bentley. Hannibal pauses and excuses himself to discuss one last thing with the lawyer before they depart. Will waits in the hall, sighing as he's approached by a grinning Chilton.

“Mr. Graham, what a shame your stay at BSHCI has been cut short," Chilton smirks, eyeing the omega up and down. “Don’t worry, Frederick. You can always come visit me AND Hannibal. I’m sure he has a few things he'd love to discuss with you.” Will smirks.

“That’s true. I would.”

Chilton jumps as Hannibal appears behind him, turning to see a smiling alpha with a hint of murder in his eyes. Chilton steps back and quickly clears his throat, "I'll have to check my

schedule. Busy, busy after all." he smiles nervously, swiftly taking his leave.

Will chuckles and turns to Hannibal, “You’re not even angry at him any more are you? You just enjoy his fear.” Hannibal smirks, both of them know the answer. “We'll head to Wolf Trap, a familiar surrounding is important for adjustment. Your dogs shall be returned this weekend.“

Will’s eyes water at the mention of his dogs. Between his ordeal at BSHCI, the incident with Matthew and his pregnancy, he barely has any time to think of his beloved strays. Alana must have been taking care of them, she has been his dog sitter for times when he’s not able to look after them when he was at crime scenes. Hannibal must have informed her.

“Thank you.” Will replies softly, making brief eye contact with the alpha before his eyes land on the blue pocket square. Hannibal reaches out to swipe the tears away with a thumb.

“Time to go home, my dear.” They spy Freddie Lounds across the road with her camera in hand and enter the Bentley with haste. Hannibal buckles Will in and the omega huffs a laugh. “I can do that myself, Hannibal. I’m not an invalid yet.” Hannibal enters the highway and places a warm palm on Will’s thigh.

“Indulge me, mylimasis. Now that I can finally spoil my mate. I have also taken the liberty of shopping before the trial, so that I may cook for you later.” Will feels a warmth bloom in his heart. He briefly wonders if Hannibal has received roadhead before.

Will ends up falling asleep. Hannibal pets his curls and smiles. His omega feels happy. Content. Trusting enough to sleep right next to him. He will make sure Will is glowing through his pregnancy and well fed at every meal.

They arrive at Wolf Trap and Hannibal kills the engine but makes no move to exit the vehicle. Will’s hair is haloed by the evening sun, turning it into burnished gold. He looks like an angel. Hannibal commits the look into his mind palace and makes a mental note to draw him when he has the time.

Hannibal retrieves the house key from his sleepy mate’s pocket and bridal carries him into the house. He frowns at the bed in the living room and deposits Will on it. He will try to convince Will to move in with him when his belly gets bigger. The dog beds sit across the space, a reminder that Alana will arrive in a day or two with the dogs. She was deeply unhappy to hear of Hannibal’s intention to mate with Will.

———

Why didn’t you tell me that you and Will are an item?

Surely Chilton has gossiped in your ear, Alana.

Well, yes. He mentioned visits. But I didn’t know about your intention to be mates

I was not aware I needed to make such an announcement.

———

“H-Hannibal?” Will stretches and yawns, looking at the alpha blurrily. Hannibal gives the omega a chaste kiss.

“Welcome home, my dear.”

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will make themselves at home.

Will smiles and looks around his home, taking in the surroundings. It's a bit worse for wear due to his months of absence but nothing he couldn't fix given time. As he scans the room, the empty dog beds hit the hardest, his smile fading as his gaze lingers longer than intended.

Hannibal breaks Will's daze, "A day or so, then they will be home as well. All of them." Will turns to Hannibal, his smile quickly returning. "You're right," he sighs, running a hand through his curls as he stands. Will stretches and smirks as he catches Hannibal staring.

He reaches just a bit higher, ensuring his stomach's revealed just enough for Hannibal to catch a glimpse, the older man’s eyes flashing gold before his mask quickly returns and he turns towards the kitchen. "So, what's for dinner?" Will asks, following Hannibal with a smile.

"Never ask," Hannibal smiles, winking as he rolls up his sleeves. "Spoils the surprise." Will laughs, gently wrapping his arms around his mate's waist as he begins preparing the ingredients.

Will watches him work from over his shoulder, his eyes tracing over Hannibal's large hands and up his arms. Hands and arms that have killed. Hands and arms that have killed *for* Will. He nuzzles into Hannibal's neck, inhaling and scenting his mate. Will's grip on Hannibal gradually tightens, his breath growing heavier as his alpha's scent fills his senses.

Hannibal pauses his preparations as his nostrils flare, Will's pheromones growing stronger, his arousal obvious. "Will." The omega tenses, unaware of his actions until Hannibal spoke. Hannibal sets his knife down, gently placing a hand over Will's. "I believe dinner can wait."

Hannibal turns around in Will’s arms and pets his curls. The omega lets out happy purrs. “Looks like my darling needs something more than food right now.” There is a glint in Will’s eyes and he hums in agreement. “I suppose sometimes I just prefer to have dessert first.”

The omega slides corners Hannibal against the kitchen counter and kisses him sweetly. “Don’t move.” Hannibal smiles indulgently. “As my mate commands.” Will’s hands roam all over Hannibal’s body as he slides down on his knees and undoes the alpha’s belt with his teeth.

Hannibal’s eyes flash red around the rims. Will doesn’t break eye contact and slowly pulls the belt out, letting it coil onto the floor. He nuzzles Hannibal’s clothed erection, taking in the

strong scent. His alpha is extremely virile, and Will smells contentment off of him. Will mouths the hardness and Hannibal groans. “Terrible boy, teasing your alpha like this.” Will’s eyes glint in the low light. “But you enjoy it.”

He unbuttons the alpha’s slacks and yanks it down along with his underwear. “Silk? Did you dress up in case you got lucky, Hannibal?” The older man’s rumbling laughter warms Will’s heart. “As always, one can hope, dearest.”

Will smiles up at his mate before his gaze shifts down, his lips curling into a smirk as he comes face to face with Hannibal’s pulsing cock. Will licks his lips, moaning softly as he admires his well-endowed alpha, his eyes tracing up his thick shaft to his red leaking tip.

Will’s eyes flick up to Hannibal, their heated gazes lock as Will kisses Hannibal’s tip, the older man moaning as Will lightly flicks his tongue along the slit. Hannibal’s breath, usually even and controlled, is heavy as his omega’s eagerness fills him with a primal desire.

Will wraps a hand around Hannibal’s cock, stroking it slowly as he takes the head into his mouth, letting it slide along his tongue. A shiver runs down Will’s spine as Hannibal releases a guttural growl, his eyes fully turning gold with desire as Will’s warm mouth engulfs him.

Will bobs his head slowly, taking more of Hannibal’s cock into his mouth with each turn. Hannibal grips the counter’s edge, moaning as Will works along his shaft, slowly tonguing every inch as he savors his alpha’s rich scent and flavor. The omega hums happily, sending vibrations down Hannibal’s cock pulling another growl from the doctor.

“Will,” he pants, reaching for Will’s curls only to groan as Will releases his cock as soon as his hands leave the counter, met with a firm ‘tsk’ from the omega.

“I said no moving,” Will smirks.

Hannibal immediately places his hand back on the counter. “You’re intent on tormenting me before dinner,” Hannibal gives a long suffering sigh. Will nuzzles his groin, inhaling the strong smoky scent and whispers, “Good alpha.” Then he swallows Hannibal down and hollows his cheeks at a swift pace.

Hannibal clenches his fists and keeps his red rimmed eyes on the omega who is making absolutely filthy sounds around his cock. “W-Will, I am close,” Hannibal breathes, the effort to keep still is a serious test of his self control when he would like nothing better than to bend Will over the counter.

Will only hums in acknowledgement and sucks faster, his skilfull tongue swirling around the alpha’s length. He takes Hannibal to the hilt when the alpha comes, making sure to take in every drop. Will’s lips slide out slowly after, licking the head to catch any residue then gives it a light kiss. He looks up at Hannibal with a cheeky grin. “Yum.”

Hannibal chuckles, helping his mate to his feet. Will wraps his arms around Hannibal as he captures the alpha in a kiss, both men groaning softly as their tongues glide across one another. Hannibal grabs Will by the hips, holding him close as he tastes himself on Will.

He swallows Will's moan as he grinds against the omega, his cock already hardening once again. Will shudders, impressed by Hannibal's virility yet again. He pulls away, panting softly as he gazes into Hannibal's eyes, red and wide with desire.

"What about dinner?" Will teases, already knowing the answer. Hannibal's hands slide down from Will's hips to his ass, the omega keening as Hannibal firmly kneads his cheeks. Hannibal smirks, eager to draw more alluring sounds from his mate.

"Dinner can wait."

Will smiles and hooks his legs around Hannibal's waist as the alpha carries him to the bed. Perhaps the one time Hannibal's thankful for its location. He tosses Will onto the mattress, quickly covering his mate's body with his own. Will grinds up against Hannibal, pulling a low growl from the alpha as they shed their layers

Hannibal's laughter rumbling irritates Will, who is fumbling with trying to remove both their clothes at the same time. "Stop laughing and help me," he mutters. Hannibal nuzzles into the omega and rips off Will's shirt in one motion. "I like you when you're so needy for me.

Will arches his back as the alpha yanks down his trousers, and finally shrugs off his own shirt. He can smell how slick Will is, the scent driving him to the last vestiges of his control. "Do you know what you do to me, Will? Knowing I have you, and our child here. Together." He slips a finger in and the omega whines.

"H-Hannibal...don't tease me right now." Will grinds up against the alpha and they moan when their cocks touch, hot wet skin sliding against each other. Will nips at Hannibal's ear and the older man slips another two digits into his wet hole and begins to piston faster. The sounds that Will is making get louder, the omega all but begging for Hannibal for more.

Will desperately rocks his hips against Hannibal's fingers, his moans echoing throughout the room as he adds a third. "Hannibal, hurry!" Hannibal smirks, slowly removing the digits, one by one. Will watches as Hannibal brings his fingers to his lips, savoring the sweet flavor.

"Fuck-" Will groans, biting his lip as he eyes Hannibal's hard leaking cock. Will grips the sheets and spreads his legs further as Hannibal positions himself between the omega's legs. They moan in unison as Hannibal eases in, Will arching as the alpha's cock splits him in two.

Hannibal rolls his hips slowly, letting Will adjust before increasing his pace, Will rocking to match each of his thrusts. Will wraps around Hannibal's neck, holding close as he moans the *'Hannibal'* and *'more'* over and over, severely testing the last of Hannibal's resolve.

He captures Will in a kiss and an arm under his back, adjusting their position so Hannibal's cock is angled perfectly to strike Will's prostate with every snap of his hips. Hannibal swallows Will's moans as whines, tightening around Hannibal's cock as he edges close to climax.

Will breaks away, panting as he pulls Hannibal down by his neck, the omega's hot breath tickling Hannibal's ear as he speaks. Hannibal's eyes flash red, his bruising grip on Will's

hips tightening and his control snapping as two simple words fall from Will's lips - ' *Mark me.*

Hannibal prides himself as a patient man, but those two words undo him completely. "Are you certain, Will? There is no going back after this." He lifts his head to look into the omega's half lidded eyes, gold flecks in his irises. "Yes, I've waited long enough for this. Have I..we, not earned it yet?" Hannibal watches uncertainty flit across Will's features and brushes him in a bruising kiss. He licks at the omega's reddened lips and growls. "We have more than earned the right to be with each other."

Hannibal withdraws from the warmth of his omega and flips him over. Will whines at the loss of heat and keens when the alpha pulls his hips up to thrust into the delicious heat again. Hannibal cups Will's neck, kisses it gently before biting down, drawing blood and the omega howls as he comes.

Will's body trembles as a wave washes over him, a sensation he's never truly felt before, his mind is full of only one thing – *his alpha* . Hannibal licks the wound, relishing the copper taste on his tongue and Will's sweet scent mixing with his own as his tongue traces along the mark, sealing it and their bond.

Even after months of waiting, nothing could prepare Hannibal for the pride currently swelling within his chest with Will as his mate. The beautiful omega with a beautiful mind was finally his, no, they were each other's.

Hannibal nuzzles Will's nape, the omega moaning beneath him as his hips rock back against Hannibal's cock. Hannibal whispers against Will's skin, repeating 'beautiful' 'mine' and 'Will' as his pace picks up, chasing his own release. Will whines as he feels the alpha's knot swell, his need for it greater now more than ever.

"A-alpha," Will pants between breaths as he arches his back, presenting for Hannibal and matching his thrusts. "F-fuck! Knot me! I need it!"

Hannibal smiles into Will's curls and purrs "So impatient, little one." Will whines and Hannibal feels it in his bones. Then need to protect, to defect, to own. He growls and thrusts back into Will, the knot slipping in with ease and stretching the omega till bursting.

Will keens at the fullness and passes out from the intensity. The alpha rolls them onto their side and licks the mating bite, hands petting all over Will's body, soothing his hair, kneading his chest and wrapping himself all around him. His omega, finally.

When Will wakes, it's to the feeling of a warm hand rubbing circles around his belly. "Has my omega regained consciousness?" Will blushes at the feeling of pride he feels from Hannibal. The connection they established makes it even easier to read him now. "Mates, finally."

Will murmurs. He purrs happily and turns back to kiss his alpha.

Will places his hand over Hannibal's as the alpha deepens the kiss. Hannibal holds Will firmly against his chest, his instincts to hold and protect the omega greater than ever. Will

groans softly as he shifts, Hannibal's dick still inside him with the knot receding.

Will breaks the kiss with a smile, facing forward and resting his head back against Hannibal's chest. "It's strange…" Will says softly, letting his eyes sip closed as he thinks. "How so?" Hannibal hums, ever curious what is on his mate's mind.

"It almost feels as though nothing has changed, yet everything has. It's just a strange feeling." Hannibal kisses the top of his curls, cherishing his mate's scent. "Much has changed, my love. Especially in these past few months."

"Hell, since this morning," Will laughs.

"Indeed," Hannibal smiles softly, already reminiscing about what transpired mere moments ago. "But," he continues, "regardless of the changes, the constant in our lives since we met, has been one another." Will hums as he considers Hannibal's words and the truth within them.

"I'm curious whether either of us can survive separation..." Will poses, his voice barely above a whisper. Hannibal smiles, his lips soon curling into an impish grin as he tests the progress of his deflating knot, Will groaning in protest as he moves his hips.

"We're conjoined," Hannibal teases, nipping Will's ear as Will hits his thigh playfully. "Bastard," he chuckles

"Tell me, Will. Are you familiar with the concept of 'fated pairs'?"

"You don't believe in such old tales, do you, Doctor?" Will laughs, cocking a brow.

Hannibal rests his head once again atop of Will's."Truth be told, I never considered them. That is, not until you walked into Jack Crawford's office." Will blushes.

"I thought you were a man of science, not a hopeless romantic." Hannibal chuckles, "There is no harm in both."

Will searches his mate's eyes and sees the truth behind his hazel eyes. That Hannibal is well and truly his now, and the connection informs Will that he is content. With him, and their pup. He decides now's a good time as any to tease the alpha. "I'm not so sure about that, after all, my cologne was snubbed when we first met, unless you're telling me that you fell for me then, ship in a bottle and all?" Will yelps when Hannibal pinches his ass. "Such a brat." Hannibal murmurs, slowly sliding out of his mate, his knot having gone down.

He lifts Will's knees and purrs in satisfaction when he sees his cum trickling out. Will arches his back and sighs contentedly when his mate shoves his release back with two fingers. "Am I not pregnant enough, alpha?" Hannibal is about to growl into his omega's ear when the doorbell rings.

"Fuck," Will groans. Hannibal and Will glance at the door to find a silhouette in the window. "Honestly who would even..." Will trails off as Hannibal slowly pulls his fingers out, kissing the back of Will's neck. "Would you like me to get that, my dear?"

"No, I've got it." Will stands and stretches with another low groan, Hannibal admiring his body from the bed. "Probably just Freddie trying to get an interview she can twist in her favor," Will scoffs. Hannibal sits up to finish, or more accurately, restart dinner preparations.

Will quickly slides on a pair of boxers and t-shirt and turns to Hannibal, "You'll wanna get dressed, you know she always has her camera ready." Hannibal chuckles and redresses in his slacks and button up shirt before heading to the kitchenette.

Will strides to the door, opening it with a sigh, his eyes to the ground as rubs his neck in agitation. When he looks up, to his surprise, the ginger curls and smug smile he expected were replaced with auburn waves and a familiar scowl, "Hello, Will."

"...Alana."

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will face their hardest trial yet, honesty.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will shuffles his feet awkwardly before making way for Alana to enter the doorway. She looks distinctly uncomfortable, and he isn't entirely sure that it's only guilt at not believing his innocence. "Thank you for taking care of my dogs."

Alana smiles warmly at the mention of his furry friends. "Anytime. Applesauce had a lot of fun with them." The dogs crowd and leap at Will and he kneels down to give them all a good round of pets and looks up when Alana gasps.

"Will, you, you're mated?" His hands fly back to rub over the sore spot. "Yes, as a matter of fact, we became mates as of today. Will finally said yes." Hannibal wipes his hands with his apron, tilts Will's chin up and gives him a soft kiss. Will watches Alana attempt to hide her frown but the disapproval is rolling off her in waves. Or is it jealousy?

The omega looks into her eyes and his blood runs cold. This explains her expression in court, and the dinner parties Hannibal mentioned while he was incarcerated. Will stands and brushes the fur away as best as he can, and faces Alana. The woman he once liked, and considers a friend.

"Did you fuck Hannibal when I was in prison?"

Hannibal stills behind Will and quietly observes the pair, curiosity keeping him from intervening. Will notes Hannibal's response -or lack there of- as his eyes remain fixed on the beta in front of him. Alana's eyes dart to Hannibal, seeking help but it's nowhere to be found.

"Will," Alana takes a deep breath, her eyes returning to the omega. "It was a difficult time for us all."

"Seriously?" Will scoffs, rolling his eyes for good measure. "I'm sure hosting lavish dinner parties is just as difficult as being locked away in a fucking basement."

Alana shifts on her heels, "That's not-"

"Stop. Avoiding. The question." Will bites, his eyes narrowing as he steps towards Alana, backing her up against the door. Alana's breath hitches, she's never seen the omega like this, no, she's never seen any omega like this.

Hannibal delights in Will's protective, almost feral, state, the omega's instincts kicking in to defend his alpha. “Did you fuck MY MATE,” Will growls. Alana doesn't back down. Her mistake. “What happened between Hannibal and I is none of your concern. He wasn’t your mate."

Will slams his hand against the door, Alana flinching as it lands inches from her face. “Hannibal may not have been my mate yet, but he sure as hell was *never* going to be yours, Alana.”

“Will.” Hannibal touches Will’ s shoulder, stopping him as Alana fights swelling tears.

"Perhaps we best let Ms. Bloom be on her way and we continue this conversation on our own. Mate to mate.” The last phrase almost calms Will. Almost. He glances at Hannibal and backs away from Alana with a huff, moving himself to the kitchen as Hannibal sees her out.

Alana pauses on the porch with Applesauce by her side and slowly turns to Hannibal, still misty eyed from Will's words. All three of them know the truth within them. "I’m confident Will intended to stop." Hannibal smiles, "He wouldn’t hurt you, no matter how upset he appears."

“But he’ll hurt you, Hannibal. Then you’ll hurt him. I don't know how, but you both will. Your relationship...it's destructive.” Hannibal is quiet as he reflects on her perceptive observation. Alana soon continues, breaking the silence, “Could I have ever truly understood you?”

“No.” Hannibal doesn't miss a beat, the alpha knowing there was never room in his heart for Alana, she served her purpose. Alana leaves without another word nor glance at Hannibal, yet he still takes note of a single tear running down her cheek as she turns away.

Hannibal returns inside to find Will in the kitchen pouring himself a whiskey, clearly out of habit. “Will, stop. Think of our pup,” Hannibal gently places his hand over his omega's. Will yanks his hand away and moves to the other side of the kitchen. “Why did you stop me?”

“As I said, for our pup.”

”No, with HER," Will scoffs, unable to control his jealousy. Hannibal steps closer, the hurt in Will's eyes growing as the rage subsides. “I didn't want you to do anything you might regret.”

“I wouldn’t regret that,” Will bites back, keeping his distance from the alpha. "Other things…” Will whispers to himself as he gently rubs his nape, the mating mark still fresh. Hannibal's speechless, Will’s words gutting him like a knife, their implication clear.

Will’s grief washes over him like a tidal wave. Beneath the anger and jealousy, Hannibal senses self-doubt. As though Will still thinks he does not belong here. “It was a short affair, not worthy of mentioning. Alana has never been worthy of being my mate.”

Will whirls around and flings the glass of whiskey at Hannibal, who dodges in time as the glass shatters behind him. “NOT WORTHY OF MENTIONING? You were only sorry you

got caught! I know why you refused to tell me, you were bitterly jealous of the alphas in BSHCI, weren't you?"

Hannibal's eyes turn cold at the mention of them. "Quid pro quo, my love."

Will's eyes well up with angry tears and backs away as his mate takes a quiet step forward. "The alphas who took advantage of me in prison? The prison that YOU sent me to? And you had the audacity to be angry about me trying to survive it! Well done, Hannibal. You sure showed me."

Will sobs, rubbing his palms over his eyes to stem the flow of tears. "You don't want me to have anything in my life that's not you. Congratulations, you have succeeded. You managed to take my only remaining 'friend' from me now too. And of course she is still only concerned about you to the end."

Will grabs a knife from the rack and Hannibal stills. "I do not regret us becoming mates, Will. If hurting me will absolve me of this, then I shall be content to let you cut me."

Will lets out a broken laugh, and all Hannibal wants to do is to crush him in his arms and tell Will that he is the only one who has ever mattered.

"No, physical wounds mean nothing to you." Will whispers. He sweeps his hair aside and places the blade above the mating mark. "I am going to set us free."

Hannibal's eyes narrow and he quickly closes the distance between them, crossing the kitchen in a single stride. He swiftly grabs the blade and cornering Will against the counter before the omega can even register what is happening, the alpha's reflexes proving too quick.

Will winces, struggles in Hannibal's firm grasp. "Let. Me. Go!" he thrashes, trying to break away from the alpha. As Will squirms and bucks, the blade digs into Hannibal's hand, his grip tightening to prevent Will from bringing the knife any closer to his mark.

"Will."

Will stills at Hannibal's voice, his tone stern yet laced with worry. Will's eyes flick to Hannibal's arm, his breath hitching as he notices a stream of red trickling down from his palm. Will silently releases his grip on the knife, still overwhelmed with emotion.

Hannibal takes the knife and places it on the counter, pushing it out of Will's reach as he keeps Will cornered. Hannibal brings his arm to his mouth and Will watches, dazed, as Hannibal's tongue trails up his forearm, cleaning the blood up to the cut on his palm.

Will's eyes lock with Hannibal's, Will swallowing audibly as the alpha's amber orbs flash red.

'He's pissed.'

"As I said, Will." Hannibal takes a deep breath, trying to remain calm for his -and Will's- sake. "Alana was neither worthy of mentioning nor of becoming my mate."

Will refuses to back down, his breath heavy as he glares at the alpha, still straining in his hold. "I shall not ‘let you go’ metaphorically or literally until we discuss this matter further." Hannibal continues, "It is not solely your life or mine we must consider anymore.”

“Leave…” Will says, his voice barely above a whisper.

“We aren’t finish-”

“I said *leave* .” Will bites back. “I need time to think and I can’t do that with you in my head.” Hannibal quietly watches the omega and sighs, his eyes softening as he releases Will and backs away.

“I shall give you the space you desire.” Hannibal glances towards the counter. “Can I trust you not to make any rash decisions before we discuss further?”

Will follows Hannibal's gaze towards the knife, recalling the dramatic display. Will knows it was a bit much, but he *needed* Hannibal to understand the severity of the situation and Will’s feelings, even if the omega can’t properly explain them yet.

“Yes," he replies, folding his arms across his chest. Hannibal trusts Will's word and grabs his coat, heading for the door.

Will stays in the kitchen, his eyes glued to the alpha as he silently stalks towards the door, the dogs bustling around his feet. Hannibal isn't in a hurry as he moves, he walks carefully and cautiously as if waiting for Will to change his mind like they *both* wish he would.

Will would love nothing more than to be wrapped in his alpha’s arms again. But it's those very arms that have killed for Will, held Will, and now held Alana.

What did he call her? What sweet lies did he whisper? Will shudders, quickly pushing the thoughts from his mind.

“Hannibal,” Will calls just as the alpha steps through the door. “3 days.“ Hannibal quietly nods and exits the home, Will sinking to the floor as the Bentley disappears down the driveway. Winston joins him in an attempt to comfort Will as he quietly repeats, "3 days..."

Will covers his face with his hands and cries. Winston whines, sensing his owner’s distress, and the rest form a furry circle around Will, content to simply lay near him. *‘So pathetic,’* Will thinks. *‘You should know better than to trust the likes of him.’*

‘But didn’t you egg him on as well? Taunting him with the other alphas? Even sending Matthew to kill him?’

‘He put me in prison!’

‘And he got you out. Defended you. Bonded you.’

Tired of arguing with himself, Will roughly rubs away the tears and spots the broken shards from the whiskey glass that he threw at Hannibal earlier. He briefly contemplates cutting his wrists and be done with it, and rubs his stomach wistfully.

‘But it’s not just me anymore, is it?’

Will cleans up the mess and finishes making the dinner that Hannibal had left in the kitchen mid-prep, before he was interrupted. He packs the leftovers in the fridge for tomorrow. He huddles with his dogs and falls into a fitful slumber.

———

The next morning, Will is woken up by the incessant knocking and opens the door to find a line of couriers waiting, armed with boxes. “Good morning, Mr Graham.” Will shakes his head, eyes squinting in the sun.

“I didn’t order anything.” The couriers laugh.

“They’re gifts, Mr Graham. Please sign here!”

Will nudges all the boxes into the living room with his feet and sits down to slice them open with a penknife and gets hit in the face by a pillow bouncing out. Weighted blankets and cushions in the softest material and earth colors, perfect for nesting. And they all smell like Hannibal. He must have scented them first.

Will nuzzles a knitted blanket and opens the final package. They contain about a week’s worth of meals, all neatly portioned, labelled and ready to be consumed once heated up.

‘ *Still thinking about us* ,’ Will muses, wondering how his mate is coping at home. Will heats up the ratatouille and spends the rest of the evening arranging his bed, curling up in the swaths of fabric, and the smoky scent of his mate lulling him to sleep.

———

Will wakes up angry the next day. The hurt and rage of Hannibal’s betrayal boils to the surface and Will wonders if this is mate’s way of bribing him like how an Alpha woos an Omega to a life of subservience. Perhaps he should cut up the blankets and mail them back to Hannibal. Will rolls onto his stomach and inhales deeply and sighs. The bed now smells like both of them and it is *so comfortable* .

‘Keeping it does not mean he has accepted Hannibal anyway,’ Will decides.

He checks his phone to find two messages, all from Jack. One wishing him a speedy recovery and the other, that he has his job back at the FBI Academy and he would like to see Will first thing next week. Will turns off his phone with a sigh. There will be no messages from Hannibal, he would honor the three-day promise. As for Alana, their friendship is as good as gone. “Home wrecker,” Will mutters spitefully.

The dogs are ecstatic to be out in the woods with Will, running and playing with each other in the plot of land. Will sits by the stream with his lunch and dips his toes into the cool water. Perhaps he should fish tomorrow. Will lies on the blanket and enjoys the sounds of the forest.

“Darling?”

Will whips his head around to see Hannibal at the altar, a graven skull beneath his feet. “Hannibal.” His mate strides over and wraps his strong arms around Will, nuzzling into his neck. “I’ve missed you, my dear boy.” Will’s sighs. “I know. Me too.”

It’s somehow easier to admit it here.

“Will you wait for me?” Will quizzes, staring into his mate’s red-tinged eyes. “Or have you already invited Alana back into your bed?” Hannibal snarls and nips at Will’s earlobe. “A word from you, my love, and I will locate a recipe *just for her* .” Hannibal tangles his fingers into Will’s hair and pulls his head back, baring the omega’s neck. “There has only ever been you, Will.” He dips his head for a frantic kiss.

Will opens his eyes and finds himself by the steam, now reflecting light from the setting sun. He whistles for the dogs. “Let’s go home!”

———

Will wakes up to knocking. Again. Is this Hannibal’s way of tormenting him? He can’t even let his mate sleep in. He opens the door and a sweet, earthy scent hits his nose. The courier’s head can be barely seen and he is currently juggling a couple of packages as well as a vase of flowers. Will places the flowers on the kitchen counter and assesses the boxes.

Today’s gifts come in the form of two green boxes, beautifully wrapped in a gold satin ribbon. There is also a card beneath one of the ribbons. He opens the envelope.

Dearest Will,

I hope this finds you in good health, and that you are taking care of yourselves. The purple hyacinths should compliment your home either nicely, and don’t they smell heavenly?

To see the world in a grain of sand,

And heaven in a wildflower.

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,

And eternity in an hour.

I sincerely wish that we can forgive each other our trespasses, and that we may be together once more. A place has been made for us in this world.

Love, Always.

Hannibal

Will puts down the letter with a soft sigh. He looks up the meaning of the flowers.

Purple Hyacinths - Sorrow, gratitude and a plea for forgiveness .

Will smiles wistfully, his anger having abated somewhat after the release of tears and restful sleep the previous nights. He is still angry, but he also knows Hannibal is not someone who goes through this effort to court someone he does not intend to live with.

He lifts the lid off one box and laughs. Hannibal has sent him a range of fishing lures. Ironic, coming from the man who used Will's own lures against him. Will wonders if the other box contains lures too. He opens it and suddenly forgets to breathe.

It is a pair of baby mittens.

———

"3 days." Hannibal grips the doorknob tighter and quietly nods, exiting Will's home without further protest. *'3 days.'* He steps out onto the porch and takes deep breath, fighting every urge to rush back in to comfort his distressed omega, Will's pheromones practically tangible.

On the long drive home, Hannibal puts together a mental list of all the proper materials a pregnant omega needs along with notable amenities missing in Will's home. Hannibal's grips the wheel tighter, his frustration growing with every mile so he exits early for a quick stop.

He needs to make sure his omega is not only comfortable and safe in his absence, but also well fed. Fight or not, Hannibal isn't going to let Will starve; he'll provide for his omega at any cost. After the pit stop, Hannibal collects their ingredients and ventures home.

Hannibal stays up late into the night and prepares a variety of meals along with some vegetarian options for his mate. Before retiring for the evening, he orders a few additional items online and schedules for the meals to be picked up and delivered the following morning.

Hannibal sets his tablet aside and turns off the study light with a sigh, one night already taking its toll.

———

'3 days.'

The words echo throughout the halls of Hannibal's mind palace as he toys with a pencil, his thoughts consumed by his mate and their separation.

Hannibal furrows his brow as he watches the delivery tracker update ever so slowly and closes the tab once the items show as signed for. Hannibal sits back in his chair, uncharacteristically upset. He hasn't felt this perturbed since Gideon took credit for the Ripper's crimes.

Hannibal is stunned, no other person would dare speak to him in such a way, so rudely. But then again, Will was no ordinary person which is one of the many reasons Hannibal desired and cared for him so. Hannibal replays the last few months in his mind, searching for a solution.

As much as it pained him, putting Will in prison was necessary. 'But was sleeping with Alana?' Hannibal ponders. 'Or Will sleeping with those *lesser* alphas?' Hannibal growls, the pencil snapping in his hand. Like many things between him and Will, the situation is complicated.

———

The next morning, Hannibal drafts a few texts between appointments but all remain unsent. He knows it’s too soon to contact Will -more than he already has- and fears he may push his omega further away. Each digital message grows more tempting to send, so he switches to analog.

Hannibal expresses himself in one last handwritten note to Will and stores it in his desk if, no, until the right moment arises.

He returns home and heads straight to the shower to unwind. Steam pours out of the stall behind him as a familiar scent catching his attention.

Hannibal spins and finds the shirt he had been last worn at Will's tossed over the back of his chaise. Hannibal takes the garment and sniffs, relishing the scent laced within it's fibers. Hannibal growls lowly as Not only Will's essence fills his senses, but *theirs* .

Hannibal curses himself for being no better than a love-sick teen and tosses the shirt into the hamper as he rests on the bed. He groans as his hands slowly travel down his chest and body, the faint scent of his mate enough to stir his desire and go straight to his groin.

Hannibal cleans himself up after relieving his frustration and chuckles knowing Will would delight in the effect he has over the older man even miles away. He then makes a quick meal and prepares one more delivery for the following day, a few more ideas coming to him as he eats.

———

On the final day, Hannibal watches the delivery tracker once more; this time from the comfort of his home yet with each passing stop he grows more restless, doubt seeping in. Perhaps his most recent gifts were too excessive, Will had always preferred simpler gestures.

The packages include a set of lures for Will, handmade of course, with enough a smaller set for their child should Will desire to teach them as he once did with Abigail before her passing. Another action, though necessary like many others, Hannibal wishes to make amends for.

Along with the fishing lures are a small pair of baby mittens, not unlike ones he once dressed Mischa in, his younger sister fighting him every step of the way. Hannibal smiles softly to himself as he reminisces, the chiming of the clock breaking him from his somber thoughts.

He watches the hands tick by, pondering Will's words once more, uncertain if his omega meant three full days apart or if Hannibal could return on the third day. Hannibal decides to try his luck and return to Will today, the alpha hoping his gifts were well received.

Hannibal grabs his coat and reschedules his afternoon appointments, Will and their child his top priority. As he speeds towards Will, he can't help but worry about his mate and the pup. Did Will eat the food or throw it away just to spite Hannibal? How far would he go?

He arrives and swiftly heads towards the house as he notices a strange yet familiar scent. He knocks but there's no answer. He confirms Will's car is present and knocks again, the dogs now whining inside. He knocks one final time, his alpha instincts kicking in to overdrive.

“Will if you're in there-” Hannibal stills, a response coming in no more than a whisper. “Alpha...”

"Stay clear of the door," Hannibal growls as he braces against the door. Hannibal knocks the door down and is relieved to find Will in his nest, but his worry soon returns.

Hannibal rushes to Will's side, his fears becoming a reality. "H-Hannibal?" Will groans as his body shakes, the separation taking not only an emotional but physical toll on the younger man. "It's okay, my love. I'm here." Hannibal whispers, taking Will into his arms.

"Hannibal..." Will whispers as he instinctively nuzzles against the alpha and his soothing pheromones.

"You'll be okay, I pro-" Hannibal pauses, the breath leaving his lungs as he sees a familiar fabric clutched tightly in Will's hands against the omega's chest.

Baby mittens.

———

Hannibal rubs his cheek against Will’s curls, takes a deep whiff and smells his mate’s ache. Heartache from his deception, and the physical pain of being apart immediately after mating.

“I should not have left you, darling,” Hannibal says mournfully, rocking Will slightly. “I’ve missed you so much, tesoro.”

Will lets out a hitched sob and clutches the mittens closer. “Our baby…”

“Will be loved by us. And they will have the world,” Hannibal vows. “Trust me.” Will’s eyes snap up to meet his mate’s at his words, tear tracks drying on his cheeks. The person suit is useless now that they have bonded, and Hannibal feels completely bared in front of his omega.

Will searches their link for signs of deceit and finds only deep affection, sincerity and a fiery need to provide for his family.

And *love* .

“I do. Trust you.” Will whispers, nosing the alpha’s jaw and rubbing his scent all over him. Hannibal immediately relaxes into the nest and throws a leg over Will’s hip to press them even closer. “I saw you, in Palermo. Waiting for me. For us.”

Will rolls the alpha on his back and straddles him before sprawling gracelessly over him, scenting the mittens once more before rubbing them over Hannibal's collar. Satisfied that the precious article of clothing now smells like both of them, Will places them aside and looks down at Hannibal. "Did you mean what you said there?"

Hannibal gives his mate an inscrutable look, and then blinks slowly. "How can you tell if it were truly me, or if it was your mind playing tricks on you?"

Will scoffs and sits up to yank at Hannibal's tie, tightening it slowly. Testing his boundaries, as always. "You never call me *darling* in my dreams. Just Will." Will tilts his head when his mate controls his breathing with shallow intakes of air. The tie slides up a little bit more.

" *Carne guisada* ."

"What was that?"

"The recipe, darling." Hannibal murmurs, his voice rasping as he chokes. His hands holding Will tenderly, thumbs still rubbing slow circles on the omega's hips. "Just say the word."

Will bends down and swallows Hannibal's choked breath with a kiss.

The men groan in unison, electricity shooting through their bodies as their lips connect. The miles and hours apart taking their toll. Hannibal slides his hands from Will's hips along his back, holding Will closer as Will tugs on his tie, pulling Hannibal closer in turn.

Hannibal swallows Will's soft moans as their tongues dance, the omega desperately craves more from the alpha. Will breaks away breathlessly licking his glistening lips before Hannibal captures his lips once more, their passion palpable as their need to consume the other grows.

Will mewls as Hannibal trails his hands from Will's back to his chest and curls his fingers under Will's collar, ripping the tee shirt in two with ease. Will gasps as the cool air hits him, arching towards Hannibal in search of warmth as the scraps of fabric fall to the floor.

Hannibal traces over Will's chest as their tongues wrestle, the feel of the alpha's large hands setting Will's skin on fire. Will tugs the tie tighter, hoisting Hannibal into an upright position as the alpha growls beneath him, Will once again testing his limits.

Will purrs and shifts in Hannibal's lap as he nuzzles against Hannibal's cheek, calming the alpha. Will swiftly removes Hannibal's tie as Hannibal scents him in turn, the omega's pheromones alarmingly intoxicating to Hannibal after so many days apart from his mate.

Hannibal moves back and positions himself against the wall with Will securely in his lap. Will grinds down, Hannibal's cock grinding against his ass as Will makes short work of the doctor's shirt and vest. "What did I say about wearing all these fucking layers?" Will quips.

Will smirks, biting his lip as he slides Hannibal's shirt from his shoulders, exposing his muscular neck. Will buries his face in Hannibal's neck, scenting him again as Hannibal gropes him through his shorts and traces a finger over Will's hole, slick soaking his boxers.

“Will.” Hannibal groans, prompting his mate to hurry as his urges grow harder to control. “Like you need my help or permission. What of my poor shirt?” Will teases against Hannibal’s ear, smirking as he continues with a whisper. “Come on, Alpha. Show me how much you missed me.”

“Wil-NGH!” Hannibal calls, his voice caught in his throat as Will sinks his fangs into the alpha’s neck. Fire fills their veins as the omega's bite further secures their bond. Will relishes Hannibal's stunned state and kisses the mark, licking his blood-stained lips clean.

Hannibal's eyes flash crimson as his body registers Will's action faster than his mind. Will’s bite seals their bond but, more importantly, it signifies Will's complete trust and commitment to Hannibal. Now, not only did Will belong to Hannibal but he belonged to Will.

“Speechless, hmmm? Did I break you, Doct-ah!” Will gasps as Hannibal takes him by the curls and yanks his head to the side. “Cunning boy.” Hannibal growls as he noses the nape of Will's neck, taking one long inhale before biting Will in over his previous mark. Hard.

Will shudders, blood spilling from the fresh wound down his body as Hannibal digs his fangs further reopening the mark. “A-Alpha...” Will whimpers, breathless as Hannibal releases his neck from his hold and licks Will's wound gently and holds Will flush against his chest.

Hannibal captures Will in a heated kiss, each tasting copper on the other's tongue as they bask in the glow of their fresh marks and their fresh start. Will slowly rolls his hips, his slick coated shorts gliding over Hannibal’s straining cock.

Will’s hands trace down Hannibal's chest and fumble with his belt, his head feeling light as he's distracted by Hannibal nipping and licking at his mouth.

“Fuck-” Will pants as he manages to break away from Hannibal only for the alpha to hungrily pull him back.

Just as Will gets Hannibal's belt undone, Hannibal takes Will by the hips and tears his boxers from his body. Will groans as his straining erection is freed from it's cotton prison, his cock leaking against Hannibal's stomach as he takes Hannibal's pulsing cock into his hands.

Without a word, Hannibal lifts Will and guides him to his knees. Will takes his cue and positions himself on Hannibal's cock, Hannibal swallowing will moans as he slowly slides down. Will sinks lower with a long groan, his heat engulfing Hannibal as his cock splits Will in two.

Tears pool in Will's eyes as he bottoms out, the pain and pleasure perfectly mixing together in a way only Hannibal can provide. Will rocks his hips, bounding as he holds onto Hannibal's shoulders. Hannibal moans beneath him, his hands guide and dig into Will’s hips.

Hannibal watches Will through a crimson gaze, love and lust filling his eyes. “Beautiful,” Hannibal purrs, pulling Will impossibly further down onto his cock.

“M-More! Alpha!” Will cries, his head falling back as the pair increases their pace.

Hannibal bites and marks Will’s chest, tugging each nipple between his sharp teeth as the omega whines above him. “Hannibal- Ooh fuck!” Will moans as Hannibal adjusts their angle, his cock skillfully assaulting Will’s prostate with every thrust.

Will feels the heat of orgasm coiling deep within his stomach, Hannibal's knot beginning to swell and teasing against his rim. “Knot me,” Will whispers, nipping Hannibal's ear as he grinds down with encouragement. Hannibal stalls their movements with a growl.

“Not yet.”

“Hannibal!” Will whines in protest as he tries to move against Hannibal’s iron hold to no avail. “Fuck, Hannibal! I need it!” Will groans with growing frustration.

“Tell me, how much you need it, darling.” Hannibal teases with a purr.

“Ugh! now is not the time, Hann-!”

"𝕋𝕖𝕝𝕝 𝕞𝕖." Hannibal commands, his alpha voice sending a shock through Will's body as he can't help but comply. “I ache for you, Hannibal." Will pleads. "I need you like I need air. Let me feel you, all of you-ahhhh!” he screams as Hannibal pulls him down over his knot.

Tears stream down Will’s cheeks as he comes with a shout, his body trembling as he coats Hannibal’s stomach. Hannibal growls as Will’s body clamps around him, the alpha now chasing his own release. Hannibal comes and bites Will’s shoulder with a growl.

Will moans as Hannibal kisses and cleans the marks across Will's skin as he continues to fill Will with each roll of his hips. Will combs his hands through Hannibal’s hair as they ride out their orgasms together, the omega longing for any contact his mate will provide.

Hannibal gently positions him and Will on their side, the pair still connected as he peppers kisses over Will’s moist curls. Will smiles softly, feeling at home in Hannibal's arms as the alpha gently traces over his stomach. “We’re okay." Will whispers. "Now that you’re here.”

Hannibal protectively holds Will close and nuzzles his nape, the mysterious scent from earlier nearly gone but Hannibal still holds his mate close, not taking any chances. Suddenly, Will’s phone rings. “They can wait.” Will sighs, relaxing into Hannibal's embrace.

Will lets the call go to voicemail. Then another. And another. “Fuck-” Will groans, reaching for his phone just as Hannibal’s knot finally deflates and releases Will. Hannibal holds Will by the waist as he sits up to answer the call, sighing when he sees the caller ID.

“When I call I expect you to answer.” The voice barks, Hannibal certain of the caller's identity based solely on Will’s disdain as the omega massages the bridge of his nose. “You said to call Monday, Jack.” Will groans, his frustration palpable. “What could be so fu-”

“It’s Dolarhyde, Will.” Jack interrupts, his tone firm as he wastes no time with pleasantries. “He’s escaped."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! This is the end of part 3 and part 4 (the finale o.o) will begin on Twitter soon!

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